LIBERIA.

A republic founded by black men, reared by black men, maintained by black men, and which holds out to our hope the brightest prospects.—HENRY CLAY.

BULLETIN No. 23. NOVEMBER, 1903.

ISSUED BY THE

AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
COLONIZATION BUILDING, 450 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

REPRESENTATIVE HALL, MONROVIA

LIBERIA.

BULLETIN No. 23. NOVEMBER, 1903.

JULIUS C. STEVENS,

AGENT OF THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY IN LIBERIA.

On April 5, 1893, Julius C. Stevens, a colored man, 39 years of age, and who was a principal teacher in the graded colored public schools in the city of Goldsboro, North Carolina, was appointed, at a small salary, agent of the American Colonization Society and sent out to Liberia. He was a single man, and appeared to be perfectly honest and well adapted to assist the Liberians in their efforts to educate the young and promote the best interests of their Republic. He allied himself to the best elements of the people at once, and, never returning to the United States, remained there until death claimed him.

Soon after landing, to qualify himself as a citizen, he acquired a tract of land at Johnsonville, about twenty miles from Monrovia, on the Montserrado river, which he improved by careful cultivation.

He served for a period as a professor in Liberia College.

The salary paid by this Society was only sufficient to pay for a part of his time, and he was at first appointed Commissioner of Education for Liberia, and then Attorney General in the first administration of President W. D. Coleman.

He was also placed on a commission with Arthur Barclay, Secretary of the Treasury, to visit England, where they arranged for the payment of an old public debt to England in a manner that was approved by both countries and is now being satisfactorily adjusted in accordance with the terms then agreed upon.

The Government published a new criminal code, prepared for Liberia by Arthur Barclay, F. E. A. Johnston, T. W. Haynes, and himself.

He wished, however, to devote his whole time to the cause of education, and having obtained the necessary legislation to es-

tablish a system for the country, he was appointed to the office of General Superintendent of Education, a position which he held at the time of his death.

In 1900 he married Mrs. Izetta Moore, and one son was born, who died before he was a year old, and a daughter was born about a week after the death of the father.

During the week of his death he had read the proof of a school book, "The Liberian School Reader," which he had prepared for the schools, and President Gibson has ordered it to be printed.

On the 25th of April, 1903, after a short illness of but two or three days, he suddenly died, aged 49 years.

The following testimonial has been forwarded to this Society by President Gibson:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
MONROVIA, LIBERIA, *April* 28, 1903.

J. ORMOND WILSON, Esq.,
Secretary American Colonization Society,
450 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington.

DEAR SIR: The Secretary of State will convey to you the sad intelligence of the death of the late Hon. J. C. Stevens, the esteemed agent of the American Colonization Society.

This event occurred on Saturday last, the 25th day of the present month.

The loss of Mr. Stevens will be seriously felt here. He was an industrious and faithful worker in whatever post he was called to fill in the State.

As a professor in Liberia College, as the Attorney General of the Republic, and latterly as general superintendent of public instruction, he scored a fair record.

Respecting his duties as the agent of your Society, you are better prepared than I am to pronounce upon his fidelity and efficiency. We on this side, however, have been favorably impressed with his fitness for that post, and I take this occasion to express the hope that in the selection of his successor you may be able to obtain one so fully in accord as he was with the cherished objects of your venerable Society in making the appointment.

I am unwilling to close this communication without express-

ing the high appreciation on the part of this Government of the arrangement effected by your Society in making it convenient for the public schools of Liberia to be supplied with text books at reasonable prices.

This measure, put on foot through your late agent, greatly facilitated his work as superintendent of public instruction in procuring suitable books for the several grades of schools entrusted to his supervision.

Permit me to express the hope that the sad event of his demise may not render it necessary to cancel the arrangement, of which your late agent made such good use, in promoting the educational interests of Liberia.

Yours truly, G. W. Gibson.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM IN BRIEF.

What is to be the immediate future of the Negro race? It must be that of a self-supporting, self-directing, self-respecting body of men, whose members must be made to share in the economic, moral, and educational influences of the world in which they find themselves. You cannot make the Negro a slave again. You cannot leave him where he is. You must make him a Negro American.

There are a few facts which should be borne in mind as determining all discussion: 1. No man or party will ever dare to go to the country proposing the repeal of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. 2. While the United States makes the citizens, the States make the voters. If a State chooses to make illiteracy a ground for refusing suffrage, and if Negroes are illiterate, there is no recourse. They cannot vote. The dubious "grandfather clause" is a matter for the courts to decide. 3. The Southern Negro question must be settled in the South. 4. The Negro question is a race question.

This last consideration is fundamental. The United States has been able to meet the question of national assimilation of many people. The Negro race will not be assimilated but embodied. To attempt to deal with the Negro precisely as one would deal with an immigrant from Europe is to overlook this difference.

And this means Negro leadership. If the race as a race is to be elevated, it must be self-directed. The question of the social equality of its individual members with the individual members of another race at present can be best left undiscussed. Educated Negroes must be ready to live and serve as Negroes. There is no disgrace in that. They must turn missionaries of racial education and service. It is idle to say that, as a whole, any race can become doctors and lawyers and preachers. It is just as idle to say that an entire race must be cooks and farmers and waiters. Negroes must advance as a race. Let us stop foolish discussions about repealing the fifteenth amendment and take up seriously the task of assisting intelligent Negroes to train their people to become self-supporting, sober, self-respecting, and respected members of a community which cares more about economic efficiency than about abstract equality.—*Christendom.*

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

ESTIMATE OF THE HAITIAN HERO—IT WAS WRITTEN WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS UNITED STATES MINISTER AT PORT-AU-PRINCE AND ONLY RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BY FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

To write out a full and fair estimate of the life and works of a great black man like Toussaint L'Ouverture, and in such a manner that it shall be favorably received by the people of the United States, is a task not easily performed. Whether attempted by a Frenchman or by an American, by a white man or by a black man, the undertaking, in some respects, will probably be a failure.

Even in regard to the character of Toussaint himself there is danger of an incorrect measurement. The author may intend to be strictly just, to hold perfectly fair and steady the scales in which he proposes to weigh his hero's worth, and yet he may find that he has missed his honest aim. The moral atmosphere, not only of this country, but more or less that of the civilized world, is against his undertaking. The external pressure is unequal, more on one side than on the other. It is the misfortune of men of African descent to be heavily shadowed by a cloud,

and they must wait to have it dispelled before they can be properly seen, either by themselves or by others. Suspicion of the presence of a drop of African blood in the veins of a man, however able and distinguished, is a blight and mildew upon his life for American society. He is regarded by the many as outside the pale of social brotherhood. Averted eyes meet him at every turn in the path of life. Even the Christianity of his times scarcely includes him, and evidently cares more for him abroad than at home, afar off than near at hand. His race is hated and his color is crime. The verdict of both court and country is against him in advance of evidence or argument. Under such conditions a man can do but little to gain a creditable standing, either in the favor or the conduct of the community.

There are few things in the world more blinding than race prejudice, and there are but few things more inflexible and persistent. Against the claims of truth and justice, to say nothing of brotherly kindness, it stands like a wall of brass. Reason and common sense dash themselves against it in vain. Individual men have risen and are rising above it, but the masses are ever under its sway and direction. In one form or another it has existed in all countries and in all ages. It was present at the marriage of Moses and confronted the Star of Bethlehem at the birth of the Saviour of the world. No good could come out of Nazareth, it said, and the Jews should have no dealings with the Samaritans. In some parts of our own country today "there is no good Indian but a dead one," and neither Irishman, Jew, nor Chinaman is fully included in the high human circle; but the fiercest wrath of this race prejudice is reserved for men and women of African blood. For the heads of such there is a stick in every hand. The North meets the Negro with scorn and proscription, and the South meets him with lynch law and with assassination.

It must be admitted, if I have rightly stated the presence, the force, and the effect of this vulgar and absurd prejudice, that it will not be easy to get Toussaint well before the American people. There is, however, a large love of truth and a measure of candor to be found here, and this, with the universal love of reading, may bring the general attention to the claims even of a great Negro. This generous side of our countrymen may be reached by this volume, and its publication may also do some-

thing toward dispelling the murky cloud that bars its way among our people at large.

But the difficulty of presenting to the public the life and works of Toussaint lies not wholly on one side. Extremes beget extremes. There are prejudices for the Negro as well as prejudices against him, and neither are to be heeded in the honest pursuit of truth. A man of tender and humane sensibilities, deeply penetrated with a sense of the immeasurable wrongs of which the Negro has been the victim for ages, may, in the fervor of a feeling thus excited, do a little more than justice to the Negro and less than justice to what may be his vices. I do not know whether I have been the more amazed or amused at some descriptions I have read and heard of the Negro's perfections, some making him out a very angel of piety, a natural-born Christian, a lamb in docility, while the truth is that the Negro is in all respects simply a man, one who possesses the possibilities of all the virtues and of all the vices common to all other varieties of mankind. No better, no worse. The angel in him is as lovely as in any other description of man, and the brute is in him not less visible or brutal than in any other. We differ as the waves, but are one as the sea.

But, in addition to these prejudices for and against the Negro, tending to obscure the truth, there is apt to come a certain enthusiasm in those who take up the cause of the Negro which may conduct one a little aside from the truth, which should ever be our aim and to be attained at whatever cost.

There is much in the character and career of Toussaint that touches the humane and poetic side of human nature. Under the influence of his transcendent qualities and of his own warm heart, the author may be easily led to do injustice to his own head.

Of course, the tendency against the Negro is much stronger than any that is yet developed for him, and it is against this adverse tendency that both the writer and the reader should be on their guard. Men are not unlike sheep. They are apt to go with the multitude and often blindly. It is much easier to conform to popular sentiment than to confront and oppose it.

Again, there are two standards by which the greatness of individual men is measured, and what result we shall reach in our estimate of Toussaint will in great measure depend upon which

standard of measuremant we apply to him. One standard of measurement is the ethnological standard, based upon points of difference of color and features in races; the other is the standard based upon the broad foundation of the common and essential humanity of all races, and applied to all human beings alike, of whatever country or complexion. When a man affirms that he prefers an honest Negro to a dishonest white man, and that he would rather have the company of an intelligent Negro than that of an ignorant white man, one need not hesitate to conclude that he is measuring men by the ethnological standard and not by that broader and better one that judges men by character rather than by color or race.

But, worse still, adopting this limited method of judgment, the Negro often gets his best taken for his worst and gets no justice at all. What is applauded in the white man is abhorred in the black man. George Washington, leading his countrymen through a seven years' war for freedom, is regarded as a paragon of patriotism and of all that is noble in manhood. Toussaint L'Ouverture, moved by the same heroic spirit to the like effort, was looked upon by the contemporary Christian world as a moral monster deserving death by the hangman's halter. Washington was fighting for political freedom ; Toussaint was fighting against a personal slavery, one hour of which, according to the great Thomas Jefferson, was worse than ages of that which Washington rose in rebellion to oppose; yet in the eye of the world and according to this partial standard of measurement the one was a saint, the other was a sinner ; the one was an honor to human nature, the other was a dastardly felon.

The same method of judgment was applied to Denmark Vesey at Charleston, to Nat Turner at Southampton, Virginia, and to John Brown at Harpers Ferry. Had these men espoused the cause of white men instead of that of poor, despised colored men, monuments of marble would before this have arisen to commemorate their deeds. Color and race make all the difference. What is welcomed in the one case is met with repulse in the other.

There is one other impediment, too, in the case of Toussaint L'Ouverture, which does not rest upon the accident of race or color. It is the relativeness of greatness itself. Thus it is less easy to discover and define greatness while it stands alone than

when viewed in comparison with some admitted example of greatness. A ship sailing alone on a smooth sea under a full canvas and making the water foam under her prow will seem to those upon her deck to be making much better speed than when another vessel is alongside sailing the same way at the same rate of speed. In other words, it is easier to discover a giant among pigmies than among giants.

It was thus with Toussaint. His work was peculiar and his character unique. Both his task and the material with which he had to work were of an uncommon nature. In fact, he was without example and stands alone. He not only had to make bricks without straw, but he had to make wood take the place of iron, and to make a rope of sand strong as a chain of steel. He had to make what were considered things into men, property into persons, to make slaves who had always cowered before their haughty masters to confront these same masters with the port and dignity of freemen determined to be free at whatever cost to themselves or to others. It was a Herculean task and required a moral Hercules to perform it. Great generals have done great things, but nothing greater than did this man when measured by their different circumstances. It is not merely or principally his success that bespeaks Toussaint's merit. It is the faith and courage of the man which should most distinguish him. The contest into which he flung himself was desperate enough to appall any ordinary courage. He was to attempt the impossible. The wealth, valor, and military skill of the most warlike nation of modern times were employed against him. The interest and moral sentiment of the Christian world were also largely against him. All the sister islands of Haiti were slave-holding and were therefore against him. He had to match the fire-arms of France with the wooden arms of Haiti. It was rags against uniforms, poverty against wealth, and ignorant mobs against trained soldiers. Other men have done great things in great circumstances. Toussaint did great things against circumstances, or rather he made the circumstances. He made not only the ship but the sea upon which he floated to victory and freedom. The fire and fortitude of his soldiers proceeded from himself. No war was ever undertaken by Washington or Wellington which upon its face appeared more hopeless of success.

Then, in measuring this man, we should consider also the point from whence he came. Other liberators and saviors of men have come from above. This man came from below. It is not the lowly slave, but the high-born freeman from whom we are taught to expect great things. It is the man whose neck has never bowed to the yoke, whose limbs have never been galled by the bondman's chain, whose flesh has never been torn by the driver's lash, and whose primal manhood has never been crushed by the iron hand of the tyrant, who usually has the spirit and eloquence to rouse the masses to deeds of daring and himself becomes the leader of a liberating host. But here we have a slave in possession of and employing the highest qualities of the freeman. This in itself is something great. But why did not his fellow-slaves refuse to be led by him, saying, "You are the same as ourselves! Who made you commander over us?" The fact that his people believed in him is one of the best evidences of the greatness of the man. In this respect he was an exception to a general rule.

On broad philosophic principles the starting point of Toussaint was against him. He was proclaimed unfit for the position to which he was called. His antecedents made him a follower, while his nature made him a leader. The poet says truly, "It is the hand of little employment that hath the daintier touch." Sensibility is at the bottom of revolt. Men feel before they think, and think before they act. Sensibility comes of gentle usage. The iron hand of slavery blunts and destroys, in large measure, the sensibility of the slave. Moses was fitted to slay the Egyptian who was ill-treating a Hebrew by being brought up in the king's palace and cradled in the lap of the king's daughter. Raised above the dead level of his animal wants, the slave has created in him a higher range of wants, still more exacting. Give him food, clothes, a good bed, and time for recreation and thought and you make him a full-fledged rebel against slavery. But Toussaint illustrates in some degree both sides of this seemingly contradictory proposition. He was slave enough to seem contented with his lot, but his easy condition was a preparation for better things. He was a favored slave and almost a free man. He was his master's coachman, and the distance between the coach and the family was not great. The intelligence on the inside sometimes extends to the man

on the box. Toussaint had a chance to hear much, to learn much, and to think much, and he doubtless did all three. He was not tortured by cruelty, famished by hunger, worn out by labor, or hardened by brutal chastisements. It is easy to see that as his physical wants diminished his mental wants must have increased. Yet on the face of it there was something strange in the fact that such a man should all at once become a leader of insurgents against a slavery that to him had been so mild. His time of life, too, tended to increase this strangeness. He was fifty years of age, a time when men are generally averse to change and are supposed to shrink from new conditions of existence. But no one except himself knew how deeply he was affected by the simple thought of being a slave, though in his case the conditions were easy and had been long borne. What must have been the surprise of his master and of those who knew how kindly he had been treated when they discovered him at the head of a rebellion against slavery. It was like a bolt from a cloudless tropical sky; or rather a sudden unheaval from subterranean depths and darkness, an outpouring of volcanic fire and noxious vapors.

It meant that now Santo Domingo was to become a perfect hell of horrors, and the tenderly treated Toussaint was thereafter to be seen as by the lurid glare of a furnace infernal, where men ceased to be men and became devils incarnate, who gloated over human blood, laughed at human agony, and mocked at despairing innocence; for since the days of the Spanish Inquisition, when bigotry in the name of religion raised high its bloody hand against the happiness of mankind, there has been nothing to surpass the terrible scenes enacted in Santo Domingo. In this sanguinary struggle, if mercy was still found lurking in one breast it was in that of Toussaint. For the sake of the much-maligned Negro, I am glad that Toussaint was a Negro, and was the Negro that he was. My residence in Haiti has fully satisfied me on this point. He was a full-blooded Negro. His busts and portraits leave no doubt of his origin. His color, his features, and hair tell the whole story. No part of his greatness can be fairly ascribed to kinship with the white race. He stands as a demonstration of what is possible under a woolly head, Negro feature, and a black skin. What nature has done nature can do again. A Toussaint number 1 makes possible a Toussaint

number 2, and many to follow. It is said that he was an exception. So he was, but only in the sense in which other great men are exceptions. All Englishmen are not Peels, Gladstones, and Brights, and all Americans are not Websters, Clays, and Conklings; but the races which have produced these can produce others like them. The material will not be exhausted while the race remains. We dare to think of Toussaint in this light and to view him with the same complacency with which other varieties of mankind view their great men. We present him as a standing reply to the assertion of Negro inferiority.

But the beneficent influence of the example afforded in Toussaint was not confined to the Negro. He had a mission to the whole white world scarcely less important than to the Negro. His coming was a great and much-needed awakening. The slavery of the Christian world was more disturbed by him than by any man prior to him. He taught slaveholders of every color in every land the danger of goading to madness the energy that slumbers in the black man's arm.

My appointment as United States minister to Haiti afforded a welcome opportunity to learn more of this remarkable man and of the estimation in which he is held by his countrymen. It was with keen regret that I discovered that in Haiti the memory of Toussaint is not held in the honor which it deserves. Very little is said of him there, and that little is not much in his praise. His case is another illustration of the truth that a prophet is without honor in his own country and among his own kinsmen.

The absence of appreciation of Toussaint in Haiti seems to be owing to the facts that he was not sufficiently bloodthirsty and that he was opposed to the complete separation of his country from France. He was also blamed for compelling his countrymen to work and to keep the productiveness of the country up to the point attained in the time of slavery. No one pretends that Toussaint was not a friend to his people and a valiant friend of their freedom, but he was, they insist, too much of a Frenchman. Strange that the very people who say this today are themselves wedded to the French. They send their children to France to be educated; are proud of their French language manners, and customs, and many of them take shelter under the citizenship of France, even when proposing to spend their days in Haiti.

But the memory of Toussaint L'Ouverture is not confined and will not be confined to his own country. He was too great for such limitations. His character and works make him the property of mankind, and the best minds and hearts of the civilized world will cherish and vindicate his memory and execrate the base treachery and remorseless cruelty that left him to perish of cold and hunger in the icy damps of a gloomy prison.

"Sleep calmly in thy dungeon tomb
Beneath Be-ancor's alien sky,
Dark Haytien! For the time shall come,
Yea, even now is nigh,
When, everywhere, thy name shall be
Redeemed from color's infamy,
And men shall learn to speak of thee
As one of earth's great spirits, born
In servitude, and nursed in scorn,
Casting aside the weary weight
And fetters of its low estate,
In that strong majesty of soul
Which knows no color, tongue, or clime,
Which still hath spurned the base control
Of tyrants through all time."

—*The New York Independent.*

A SIGNIFICANT DECISION.

A very significant decision was that rendered by the United States Supreme Court last week on the suffrage issue. The case was that known as the Alabama case, involving the contention of Jackson W. Giles, a Negro, of his right to register and vote under the new constitution of that State. The decision recited that the only question which the court was asked to pass upon was that of jurisdiction. Notwithstanding that this was the question to be passed upon, Justice Holmes said, in delivering the opinion, that the Supreme Court of the United States had decided to lay aside the question of jurisdiction and go into the merits of the case, simply because of its extraordinary character. It was, he said, impossible to grant the relief asked for by the petitioner, first, because he admits that he is a qualified voter under a system that he alleges is fraudulent and in viola-

tion of the Constitution of the United States, and, second, because it is beyond the power of the Supreme Court of the United States to interfere in political cases of such a nature. The Alabama court had properly dismissed the case. In other words, the suffrage is not an inherent right, but a privilege which the State may confer or withhold at pleasure. The section of the Constitution which was supposed to have a bearing upon the issue joined was the first section of the fourteenth amendment, which declares:

"All persons born and naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction therof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

This section defines "citizenship" and prescribes the citizen's rights thereunder. But it is to be noted that it does not confer the suffrage upon all citizens; indeed, they have never received it in any State. The denial of suffrage, however, is not necessarily an abridgment of the rights of citizenship, or the little boy and girl would be entitled to the ballot—for native-born boys and girls are "citizens" of the United States. It may properly here be stated that the second section of the amendment also limits the representation in Congress to the population of the State less the number of *male* citizens of twenty-one years of age who are not permitted to vote.

We are now brought to the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution, which is coming to be recognized as one of the most deplorable mistakes in the work of reconstruction legislation. That amendment reads as follows:

"The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

But for the bitterness that prevailed at that time such an amendment would never have been enacted; nor is it believed it would have been had Mr. Lincoln been living. Be that as it

may, the fact remains that the prohibitory act has been evaded for more than a generation and will continue to be. No greater crime against the suffrage could well be imagined than investing the emancipated males of African descent, steeped in ignorance and purchasable, with the privilege of the suffrage.

It only remains to be said that eventually the country will have to face the issue, and it will be well if a theory of suffrage impossible of practical application with safety to the States immediately concerned shall be wholly abrogated. Considering that the highest court in the land declines to enforce the negro's right to the unrestricted franchise, it cannot be long before American public feeling will make itself felt and Congress will take steps to undo the wrong of a generation ago.— *Christian Work and Evangelist.*

THE EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL EMANCIPATION OF THE AFRO-AMERICAN.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

It is my purpose this evening to attempt to take a historical, philosophical, and fundamental view of the Negro question. I do this because in building a house the main thing is to get the foundation laid correctly; to get it started upon the rock and not upon the sand; to be sure that the principal timbers are sound and true to measurement. Or, changing the metaphor, to say with Longfellow of the ship:

> "We know what master laid thy keel,
> What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
> Who made each mast and sail and rope,
> What anvils rang, what hammers beat.
> In what a forge, and what a heat
> Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
> Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
> 'Tis of the wave and not the rock.
> 'Tis but the flapping of the sail
> And not a rent made by the gale."

In the development of a race there are many temporary, many local and side issues to which we can devote ourselves if we so choose. On the other hand, we can aim to be true, in the main,

to matters more fundamental and far reaching and trust in a large degree to time for a growth in the sense of justice—trust to time for the natural readjustment of all human rights around any worthy and deserving race which can never be permanently resisted. The brave human law which always recognizes and rewards virtue is everlasting and will not be and cannot be qualified in any part of our country.

But to return to the main point. What is freedom and how obtained? The child who wants to spend time in play rather than study mistakes play for freedom. The spendthrift who parts with his money as soon as it is received mistakes spending for freedom. The young man who craves the right to drink and gamble mistakes debauchery for freedom. The man who claims the right to idle his days away upon the street rather than to spend them in set hours of labor mistakes loafing for freedom. And so, all through human experience, we find that the highest and most complete freedom comes slowly and is purchased only at tremendous cost. Freedom comes through seeming restriction. Those are most truly free today who have passed through great discipline. Those persons in the United States who are most truly free in body, mind, and morals are those who have passed through the most severe training, are those who have exercised the most patience, and at the same time the most dogged persistence and determination.

I wish that you might have been present with me last Sunday during the meeting of our annual Tuskegee Negro Conference, and I wish you might have heard a man of my race describe in the meeting how he purchased his own freedom; how he was a slave for twenty years; how he entered freedom with not a single penny in his pocket; but he resolved that he would not only be free in body, but free in a higher and larger sense, and he told that great body how, without shoes, without coat, without hat, he went to work; how, when he was unable even to purchase an ox of his own, his wife put a pair of old harness about his shoulders, and she held the plow while he dragged it through the ground; how, when he rose a little higher, he purchased an ox, and next year two oxen, and the next year he was able to buy a mule, and later on two mules, and later on he purchased a few acres of land; and he came to Tuskegee, where he was the proud owner of 100 acres of land; was a tax-payer, with

a decent house, a decent, respectable family, and was "free indeed."

To deal more practically and directly with the affairs of my own race, I believe that both the teachings of history as well as the results of every-day observation should convince us that we shall make our most enduring progress by laying the foundations carefully, patiently, in the ownership of the soil, the exercise of the habits of economy, the saving of money, the securing of the most complete education of hand and head, and the cultivation of Christian virtues. There is nothing new or startling in this. It is the old, old road that all races that have to go upon their feet and remain there have had to travel. Standing, as I do today, before this audience, when the very soul of my race is aching, is seeking for guidance as perhaps never before, I say deliberately that I know no other road. If I knew how to find more speedy and prompt relief, I should be a coward and a hypocrite if I did not point the way to it at any cost.

I do believe that this problem, as serious as it is, as far-reaching as it is, is going to be solved. A gentleman in the North not long ago asked me in what way the North could best assist the Negro in the South. I said, as I say to you now, the best way is to see that the laws are enforced without reference to race and color; to help to make the Negro the most useful man; help the Negro to do things so well that nobody else can improve upon it; whenever you can teach him to do a thing better than anybody else, and you have solved the problem. In the South we are seeking to impress this upon our students. Efforts in other directions may assist and bring stimulation, but, after all, for permanent success and growth, we must, in my opinion, go back to and depend upon the basic principles to which I have referred. In the case of a diseased person, when the blood is once purified and the body cleansed, it is surprising to note how soon nature will cure all the minor and temporary ills that grew out of an abnormal blood. As a slave the Negro was worked; as a freeman he must learn to work. There is a vast difference between working and being worked. Being worked means degradation; working means civilization.

In a word, the problem that is before my race in a large degree today is to learn the difference between being worked and working; to learn to love labor, whether with the head or hand;

to be attracted to it for its own sake; learn that all forms of idleness are a disgrace. There is still doubt in many quarters as to the ability of the Negro, unguided, unsupported, to hew his own path and put into visible, tangible, indisputable form products and signs of civilization. This doubt cannot be much affected by mere abstract arguments, no matter how delicately and convincingly put together. Patiently, doggedly, persistently, through summer and winter, sunshine and shadow, by self-sacrifice, by foresight, by honesty and industry, we must reinforce argument with results. One farm bought, one house built, one home sweetly and intelligently kept, one man who is the largest tax-payer or who has the largest bank account, one school or church maintained, one factory running successfully, one truck garden properly cultivated, one patient cured by a Negro doctor, one sermon well preached, one office well filled, one life cleanly lived—these will tell more in our favor than all the abstract eloquence that can be summoned to plead our cause. Our pathways must be up through the soil, up through swamps, up through forests, up through the stream, the rocks; up through commerce, education, and religion—up from these fundamental things to higher things.

But there is another side. The white race, North and South, also has a duty and a serious responsibility. I believe that my race in the past has been of service to this country. I believe that it is destined to be of still higher services. Some time ago, in the State of Alabama, an old man of my race had a dream (you know we are great people for having dreams); and in this dream Uncle Silas said he was taken to the "bad place." We used to have a certain name for it, but we have changed it several times, and it is pretty hard to keep up with new theology, and I don't know what to call it now. Regardless of the name, this man said he was taken down there, and after he came back the colored people crowded around his cabin door and asked all kinds of questions. "What kind of people did you see there? Were there any colored people down there?" "Oh, yes; the place is full of colored people." Another said: "Any white people there?" "Oh, yes; the place is full of white people, too." "What were they doing?" Uncle Silas said: "Every white man had hold of a Negro, holding him between him and the fire." Now, I repeat, my friends, that I believe we have

been of some service to you, to say nothing of the future. My only fear is that there are not going to be colored people enough to go round.

Seriously, my friends, in connection with our presence in this country, it should always be borne in mind that, unlike other races, we were not only forced to come here against our will, but we were brought here in the face of our most earnest protest. Both as slaves and freemen we have struggled to save the interests of this country as best we could. We have cleared the forest, builded the railway, tunneled mountains, grown the cotton, and corn and the rice, and we have always stood ready to defend the flag. We have never disturbed the country by riots, by strikes, or by lockouts. Ours has been a peaceful, faithful service and life. In the face of all this, my Christian friends, I cannot believe—I will not believe—that a country that invites into its midst every type of European, from the highest to the very dregs of the earth, and gives these comers shelter, protection, and the higher encouragement, will refuse to afford the same protection and encouragement to her black citizens. I repeat here what I have often said in the South: The Nègro seeks no special privileges. All that he asks is opportunity; that the same law which is made by the white man and applied to the one race be applied with equal certainty and exactness to the other. When in any country there are laws which are not respected, which are trampled under foot and made to mean one thing when applied to one race and another thing when applied to another race, there is not only injustice, for which in the end the nation must pay the penalty, but there is hardening and blunting of the conscience; there is sapping of the growth in human beings in kindness, justice, and all the higher, purer, and sweeter things of life. No race can degrade another race without degrading itself. No race can assist in the lifting up of another without itself being broadened and made more Christ-like.

The Negro, my friends, in this country can afford to be wronged, but the white man cannot afford to wrong him.

Some months ago a member of my race, who was born in slavery and is quite 70 years old, after he had arranged his cotton crop and paid his debts, found he had $50 remaining. He came to Tuskegee, traveling forty or fifty miles. He came to my office,

hobbling up the steps, clothed in rags and tatters, and after searching about his bundle of rags for nearly five minutes found a little wallet, took it out, and after a while he found a $10 bill. He laid it on my desk and said: "Mr. Washington, God knows Ise been a slave, don't know much, ain't got much, but I knows what you're trying to do—tryin' to make better men and women for our country. I want you to take this $10 and put it in the education of one of these boys and girls." That old man, ignorant as he was, ex-slave as he was, went to his own home, sought out the white man who taught the public school, and went through the same process and found another $10 bill, and put it in the hands of this man and said: "Please take this money and put it in the making of a man out of one of these white boys in this school." That is the kind of sentiment we want to encourage among both races, North and South.

I want, my friends, before I close my remarks, to make one request and suggestion, and I do so with all the earnestness of my soul, with a full knowledge and realization of the present condition and anxieties of my race. That request is that you white men of the North and the white men of the South approach the solution of the Negro question with coolness, with that calmness, that deliberation, and that sense of justice and foresight with which you approach any other problem in business or national affairs. On most other subjects white men use their reason, not their feelings, but in considering the subject of the colored man, in most cases, there are evidences of passion—a tendency to exaggerate and to make a sensation out of the most innocent and most meaningless events. This is not the way to settle great national questions. While the North and South argue in heated passion, the Negro suffers.

We must not grow disappointed or despondent because all that was hoped for thirty-five years ago has not come about exactly as we planned. I believe the time has come—and I believe it is a perfectly practicable thing—when a group of representative Southern white men and Northern white men and Negroes should meet and consider with the greatest calmness and business sagacity the whole subject as viewed from every point. When there is division, when there is doubt on other great questions, this method is followed. Why not in this?

The age for settling great questions, either social or national,

with the shotgun, the torch, and by lynchings has passed. An appeal to such methods is unworthy of either race. I may be in doubt about some things connected with our future, but of one thing I feel perfectly sure, and that is that ignorance and race hatred are no solution for any problem on earth.

The Negro should be judged by the best elements in his character rather than his weakest. You judge England largely by Gladstone, France by Loubet, Germany by Bismarck—the highest, not the lowest types. The Negro race is too often judged by the man who has failed. In most cases there is an effort to prove the Negro a devil or an angel. He is neither, but just an ordinary human being.

I have the utmost faith in the ultimate complete adjustment of all the perplexing questions that weigh heavily upon us.

"The stormy billows are high, their fury is mighty,
But the Lord is above them, and almighty, and almighty."

—*The New York Age.*

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

We are living, so far as religion and morality are concerned, in serious times—at the parting of the ways—in a transition period, which is always an unsatisfactory and perilous period. The old is going or gone; the new has not yet come.

In political matters—in the progress of peace, the advancement of order in our secular affairs generally—the change during the last twenty years has been for the better. the tendency has been upward and onward. Those who have been managing the civil, military, and commercial affairs of West Africa have grown in knowledge and in wisdom as to African matters, and have applied their increased information to the administration of affairs, with the result that there is improvement on every hand. On the contrary, we are not able to say that those who have come from Europe to guide in religious affairs have kept pace with the demands of the times and with the changed conditions. This may probably be attributed to the fact, stated by Lord Macaulay, to which serious exception was taken at the time the remark was made, that "theology is not a progressive science."

If this is a fact, which the progress of science is making more and more apparent, then it is evident that the theology of one nation or race cannot in its specific features be adapted to another nation or race; and yet the effort has been made to apply in its most dogmatic forms the theology of Europeans to the spiritual training of Africans—a method which continues to this day, with results far from satisfactory. A striking illustration of these unsatisfactory results is seen in what had taken place at Lagos, where the Anglican communion awoke one fine morning and found itself abandoned by hundreds of its former adherents; and subsequent events have shown that their affections are irrevocably alienated from the parent church. Nothing prevents the same thing from taking place in Sierra Leone but the unfortunate tribal diversities, which, notwithstanding evident restlessness and dissatisfaction, compel many to remain quiescent and apparently acquiescent, and this is interpreted to mean endorsement or support of the religious or ecclesiastical incongruities.

The writings of Miss Kingsley have done a great deal, and are still doing, through the labors of the African Society, established in memory of her, to direct the attention and influence the administration of the civil, military, and commercial agencies in West Africa. That extraordinary lady held that the right way to bring out the full value of British West Africa is not in the direction of trying to force European civilization and customs on natives who already have a different, if rudimentary, social system of their own, but first to study this indigenous system, which must to a great extent be suited to its environment, and then to select from this and to develop the better and most useful elements.

This is the enlightened programme which all the representatives of the British Government in West Africa are trying to carry out: Sir George Denton, at the Gambia; Sir C. A. King-Harman, in Sierra Leone; Sir Matthew Nathan, on the Gold Coast, and in a most marked manner are the governors of Lagos and Northern and Southern Nigeria pursuing this policy. And that such a policy will not be departed from in the future we may gather from the fact that the Colonial Office has officially indorsed the society. The following remarks made at the inaugural meeting of the society by the Marquis of Ripon, who

was for several years at the head of the Colonial Office, are not without significance. Lord Ripon said:

"It is of the utmost importance in the present state of Africa that there should be a society in this country devoted to the close scientific investigation of all questions connected with Africa and especially with its inhabitants. * * * There seems so little in common between the mind of the African native and the mind of the European native as to make the understanding of the one by the other an extremely difficult matter. I have no doubt that will become less difficult as time goes on, and will be made clear by the progress of science, but that it is the very foundation and preliminary matter of any intelligent government of the African people I think will scarcely be doubted."

No such utterance has yet proceeded from any missionary society, and their agents go on in the same old groove, dealing with a man of whom their knowledge is of the most fragmentary and imperfect character, as if he were one of themselves.

But a serious reaction has set in among intelligent natives in the whole of West Africa against their methods. This reaction began in pronounced form when in 1890 the work of Bishop Crowther was rudely broken up in the Niger by inexperienced young men from England, claiming, with a zeal without knowledge, to be better acquainted with Africa and African conditions than the venerable prelate whom they did their best to humiliate. But it was not given to them long to survive their coarse indiscretion and unseemly behavior. They disappeared from the scene as suddenly as they had appeared, but leaving an irreparable breach and driving out forever European religion from the countries of the Upper Niger. This reaction was emphasized by the extraordinary proceedings which followed soon after in Sierra Leone, on the part of the bishop of this diocese, with regard to five pastors whose only crime was that they refused to be subjected to arbitrary and unchristian rule.

In Sierra Leone the younger generations are at large from the restraint of the old and have not yet come under the guiding principles of the new. Our young men are drifting; some to indifferentism, some to infidelity, and others to the worst practices of the primitive conditions—taking to witchcraft. And what is worse than witchcraft? Our community has no definite

object before it; it is a jumble of human forces; not concord but discord is the keynote. Many—perhaps most of us—are out of our natural sphere. Covetousness and greed are becoming the dominant principles. The love of money, the root of all evil, is dominating the minds and controlling the actions of many. Licentiousness, intemperance, and disease are cutting off the youth in the prime of life; sickness, the result of the social dislocations, taking off many in childhood, while only here and there one dies a natural death, such a death as he would have died under purely aboriginal conditions. In his primitive state no constable dogs the footsteps of the native. Here the constable never sleeps. Europe brings amongst us its diseases and its vices, but does not bring us the conscience, the safeguards against these things, which civilization has sufficiently developed in European communities to protect and preserve them. It may be a good thing to increase the wants of the natives in the interest of commerce, but to increase these without a corresponding improvement of the intelligence and *morale* of the people is dangerous and fatal. Now, what is to be done? It is admitted on all hands that the endeavors of the preachers—the innumerable "sermons" constantly announced in glowing placards—are utterly unavailing to check or even rebuke these evils. It is complained that the most salient characteristics of the "churches" are the multiplicity of its contrivances for getting money. The future is dark, and wherever we look discouragement, if not despair, confronts us. Unless those who are in middle age, or approaching middle age, lay hold of the teachings for human guidance laid down in the Bible and followed practically by our fathers and our people in primitive conditions, there can be no future for the so-called civilized communities of West Africa. Those who come after us, as all indications show, will be so physically, mentally, and morally feeble that they will be destitute of the strength—the prehensile power—to lay hold of those things that make for life and perpetuity.

Many are praying that Sierra Leone and the British and other civilized colonies in West Africa may be perpetual; that our fashions and customs imported from abroad may last forever. We are bound to say we hope not. Surely there are better things in store for these colonies than this ludicrous and ruinous mimicry of foreign things—these black Englishmen, the butt

of foreign ridicule; this increasing devotion to money, which when acquired we know not what to do with, except to fall down and worship it. It is consolatory to know, however, that all that we have that is good for us shall be preserved; the evil shall perish; and may it perish quickly. The highest function of a people is to bring forth men strong physically and strong morally, noble men and noble women; but under present conditions we are producing men and women the very reverse of this. Alas!—*The Sierra Leone Weekly News.*

ADDRESS AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW LIBRARY.

BY EDWARD W. BLYDEN.

I am not a stranger to the old boys of this school. From the commencement of this institution, nearly thirty years ago, I have from time to time visited it and addressed the scholars.

In introducing the subject of education among Mohammedans both here and at Lagos two difficulties confronted me. First, I had to convince the people that there was such a thing as ignorance. They lived in blissful ignorance of such a thing as ignorance. They could not believe that for them there was anything worth knowing outside the facts with which they came into contact and with which they were familiar. Second, after I had got them to understand that there was such a thing as ignorance and that it existed among them, I had to prove to them that this ignorance was a misfortune—that it was an unfortunate and unhappy condition. They did not see how getting to know things they did not know would be of any advantage to them. They have said to me both here and at Lagos, "We are afraid that our children know too much already."

With this state of things I had to contend off and on, whenever I was able to be present in the settlement, under the administrations of Governors Kennedy, Hennessy, Rowe, Hay, Fleming, Cardew, Nathan, and now Sir C. A. King-Harman, who, soon after his arrival, anxious to develop the education of Mohammedans on a systematic, and if possible, a permanent basis, did your speaker the honor, at the request of the Mohammedan community, of intrusting him with the duty of

formulating a scheme of education in consonance with the desires and needs of that element of the population. The scheme, having been accepted by the governor, was embodied in an ordinance, received legislative sanction and the approval of the Secretary of State. So a department of Mohammedan education was established for the colony and the protectorate.

But what has all this to do with the opening of a library by the old boys of the Wesleyan High School?

It has this much to do with it, that it shows the advancement of education, the increasing desire for knowledge on the part of the natives of the colony, of which the opening of a library on their own account by a number of native young men is one of the most interesting illustrations.

The Arabs say that there are four classes of men. 1st. The man who knows not and knows not that he knows not. He is a fool; you must avoid him. 2d. The man who knows not and knows that he knows not; he is simple; you must teach him. 3d. The man who knows and knows not that he knows; he is asleep; you must wake him up. 4th. The man who knows and knows that he knows; he is a wise man; you must follow him.

Your praiseworthy effort to establish a library shows that you at least belong to the second class, viz., the man who knows not and knows that he knows not. This consciousness makes you anxious to know—to learn and to establish the means of promoting knowledge among yourselves. You will command the sympathy and support of all able to help you.

Now, what is a library? Of course, as you know, the word is derived from the Latin word *liber*, a book, and denotes both a collection of books and the apartment or edifice in which they are contained. You will, perhaps, be surprised to learn that the most ancient library on record was founded on this continent—in Egypt—by a king of that country who was a contemporary of David, King of Israel. The Chinese might, however, dispute this, as they claim a civilization beyond the memory or record of men of the western world. At all events, Africa may claim the honor of having been not only the predecessor of Europe in such means of culture, but of having been the source of all that is universal in European learning and civilization. The largest library of ancient times also—the Alexandrian library—was established in Africa. It contained 700,000 volumes. There used

to be current a story about this library which modern learning has exploded. It was said that in the year 640 A. D. the second Khalif Omar, on taking Alexandria, ordered this magnificent library to be destroyed by fire. The Khalif is reported to have said: "If these books agree with the Koran they are superfluous; if they disagree with it they are pernicious; therefore burn them." But, as I have said, this story, intended to suggest Mohammedan bigotry and intolerance, has been proved fictitious, and has disappeared in the light of the fact that the Mohammedans throughout the dark ages of Europe were the most devoted and reverent conservators of the same learning which Omar is said to have extinguished.

But, to come nearer home, I know of a magnificent library which existed for years at Billeh, on the Scarcies river, and which was destroyed by fire; but it was a library owned by Mohammedans. Pagan Timanees set it on fire during a marauding expedition some time in the seventies. I referred to this library in my report on the Falaba expedition in 1872, to the surprise of the governor, who made it his business to visit the spot in order to see it himself. It contained hundreds of volumes, mostly manuscripts. It was larger and more valuable than any library that had ever existed or now exists in Freetown. After the sacking of this important town manuscripts were seen floating down the Scarcies for days and weeks. Those were days of irresponsibility, when the wild and untutored tribes in our hinterland were at large from the wholesome control to which they are now happily subject, and frequently invaded peaceful and unarmed Mohammedan settlements, like a bull in a China shop—doing widespread harm, lasting mischief—of whose serious consequences they had not the slightest suspicion.

Men—black men not more than white men, and white men not more than black men—are often the unconscious instruments of lasting good or lasting evil, in pursuance of objects not having the slightest connection in the minds of the actors with the results produced.

The present regime, forced upon the British Government by the "scramble for Africa," has brought upon the country innumerable advantages and is operating in directions for the benefit of Africa and of humanity "not dreamt of in the philosophy" of Downing street.

But to return to the library question. A library is a collection of books; but not every collection of books is valuable. A great deal depends upon the kind of books and upon the needs and requirements of those for whose use they are intended. The value of a library is in proportion to its adaptation to the necessities of its possessor, and the benefit of a library is in proportion to the use its possessor is able to make of it. The great philanthropic millionaire, Mr. Carnegie, is sometimes adversely criticised on account of his alleged indiscriminate distribution of libraries.

In procuring a library, or even in buying a book, to make it a profitable investment, a man should have subjected himself to the admonition given at the entrance of the Temple at Delphi—"Know thyself." It requires considerable knowledge of your own needs and of your surroundings to select a library that will be profitable. The man who went to consult the Oracle at Delphi would have gone on a bootless errand if when he got there he neither knew who he was, where he came from, what he wanted, or whither he was going. It is very seldom that the native educated on exclusively European lines knows himself or his intellectual or racial needs. He has been, as a rule, educated outside of his groove, as if he were a European. Of course, his foreign teachers could not educate him otherwise; they gave him what they had. His impressible mind received the notion that his possibilities and his destiny were precisely those of the European.

Hinc prima mali labes.

This is the first step towards failure. It is a fatal thing for a man to think himself somebody else. All his efforts must then be of a theatrical nature; and, as Horace says, those admitted to the show cannot restrain their merriment. Now, I would earnestly advise you, in selecting books, to consider in the first place what books are adapted to you as Africans and to your work in Africa. Get books that you will love to use because you grow thereby, not books for show; not books because they are like other people's books, but books which will draw you to the library because they furnish mental nutriment and are a necessity to you.

Many years ago I visited a prominent native gentleman in this town of lively and social disposition and in easy circum-

stances. He is now dead. He took me into his library, for he kept a library—not a common thing in Sierra Leone, except, probably, among professional men. I noticed that the books were chiefly novels and other light reading. I recommended to him Macaulay's Essays, then appearing in separate pamphlet form. He replied, "No; I never buy pamphlets; I only buy standard works." "What do you mean?" I said. He brought me a gorgeously bound copy of Captain Canot's "Twenty Years of an African Slaver," and said, "This is what I mean, a book that will stand upright on my shelf. That is what I call a 'standard work.'"

But even in high centers of learning in Europe and America there are these theatrical book-owners, who accumulate books for display. The *Times* a few weeks ago, in the course of an obituary notice of Professor Norman Macleod Ferrers, late master of Caius College, Cambridge, tells this story: There was a pretentious Don in the university fond of boasting of the extent of his library. This collector of books was heard to complain at dinner that his books multiplied so fast that he knew not where to house them. This coming to the knowledge of Ferrers, he said, in his shrill and emphatic tone, "Let him read them."

I knew Dr. Ferrers personally. He was an old correspondent of mine. I formed his acquaintance during a brief visit which I made to Cambridge. The story is quite characteristic.

Now, I hope that in forming your library you will not only secure real "standard" works, but that you will read them—not only read them, but digest them; but you will not be able to digest them unless they are suited to your mental constitution. Therefore get books, as I have said, adapted to your needs. But to get books adapted to your needs you must study yourselves.

It is necessary to acquire knowledge, but mere accumulation of knowledge will not profit. You must get such knowledge as will take root and fructify in your mind. I have seen some men—native Africans—of splendid book knowledge, but whose acquisition, instead of acting as a stimulus, has had the effect of a drug; it has produced mental paralysis. Nothing surprises me more than this. Nothing rouses them to action in behalf of the public interests. No matter what the crisis, they remain satisfied, with a torpid satisfaction. A little more sleep; a little

more slumber; a little more folding of the hands to sleep. Why? Because all their reading, being entirely uncongenial, has produced no culture. The ideal of culture must be exalted over the ideal of accumulation. The merely gathering of knowledge is like scattering seed broadcast over the soil without turning it up or plowing. Such accumulation is like seed sown by the wayside, the prey of every passing incident—the fowls of the air devour it. Not simply to know facts, but to think thoughts is the proper object, or, at least, the most useful result, of education. Ideas govern the world. When the soil of the mind is turned over by the intellectual plow it will produce ideas; when it is trained it will find or make the facts upon which the African is to grow and by which he is to do his share in the great work of humanity.

I should like to suggest to you the kind of books you ought to read, but I cannot do so now. I may, however, by an illustration suggest the kind of books you ought not to read, at least which under your racial circumstances and possibilities have no relation to your proper life or growth. I often see a man going about selling books in town and calling out, "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, The Life of Admiral Lord Nelson," &c., &c. Such books can be of no earthly use to you. I have never heard him call out the Life of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the greatest Negro produced in the western world. His life has been written, and elequently written, by Europeans. In his career simply as a distinguished general he will be no model for you, but in those qualities which belong to your race, and which made him in the estimation of the best thinkers surpass all other generals, he is an object for your intense admiration and imitation. Harriet Martineau has done him justice in her great biography of him. Wordsworth has sung his praises. I will not quote from these, but will read to you the concluding paragraphs of the celebrated oration on Toussaint L'Ouverture delivered by the great American orator, Wendell Phillips. He said:

"I would call Toussaint Napoleon; but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. 'No retaliation' was his great motto and the rule of his life, and the last words he uttered to his son in France were these: 'My boy, you will one day go back to Haiti. Forget that France murdered your father.' I

would call him Cromwell; but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the State he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave trade in the humblest villages of his dominions.

"You think me a fanatic tonight," continues this great American orator (he was addressing a white audience), "for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But in years to come, when truth gets a hearing, the muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, La Fayette for France; choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown the ripe fruit of our noonday; then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture."

History furnishes examples for your inspiration and guidance from among your own race. Seek out the records of these great men and enrich your library with them.—*Sierra Leone Weekly News.*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S INTEREST IN HUNTING AND FISHING.

As everything relating to President Roosevelt posseses the greatest interest, something touching his tendencies and tastes as a sportsman is in place at this time. And, apropos of the subject, there is no word in our language that is more abused and misconstrued in its meaning than "sportsman." The term is applied to all sorts of callings followed by those who deal with games of chance more or less disreputable in their character. The yachtsman and short-card dealer are alike termed "sportsmen," though there is no more similarity in their pursuits than there is between day and night.

President Roosevelt comes of a family that have been lovers of the rod and rifle and double gun for over 100 years. His uncle, Robert B. Roosevelt, is the author of one of the best works upon small game shooting that have been given to sporting literature in the last half of the nineteenth century. Presi-

dent Roosevelt became a big-game hunter more by accident than anything else. Over a quarter of a century ago he invested in a cattle ranch in the wildest part of Montana. Circumstances that need not be entered into here made it necessary that he should become actively interested in its management.

"If there was anything in the world of which I was more ignorant than the management of a ranch at that time I don't know what it was," he said to a friend, who inquired how in the world he ever undertook such a thing. "Somebody had to go out there. I suppose the wild freedom of the life and surroundings tempted me. Then, too, a hard course of study had begun to leave its effect upon me, particularly in my eyes; my general health required the tonic effects of an out-of-doors life, in a pure, cold, dry atmosphere and in a region elevated sufficiently above the sea to be absolutely free from malaria. All these considerations had their effect in determining me to take the course I did. I had always fancied I would enjoy the life of the mountains further west. The combination was too interesting to be thrown away, and I have always been glad I availed myself of the chance that was offered. There I learned many a lesson that could never have been taught me elsewhere. The mountain air and life was a healthful tonic simply beyond price. I know of nothing that has a greater charm for the man in good health, with a love of nature, with an unimpaired nervous system, than the daily routine and variety of a life in the mountains."

President Roosevelt is a born sportsman. He does not care to shoot at birds thrown from a trap "at thirty yards' rise" for the money that may be won, though he does not at all condemn this phase of sportsmanship. "Each to his fancy," he says, "so long as the fancy is not degrading or lacking in humanity." But his fancy is for the rifle and the free mountain side, where no other chimney's smoke than your own can be seen from the highest neighboring peak.

Then it is that one gets closest to the great heart of nature; and one cannot help but fancy that the invincible love of truth and that honesty and frankness of expression that has so distinguished the President have been greatly developed and stimulated by his communion with nature in her grandest moods, as seen in the stern solitude of our great western range of mighty

mountains. Among all mountainmen, too, there is a frank simplicity that seems as natural to them as the air they breathe. Their codes of morals may not quite coincide with those current farther toward the rising sun; but what would you? The mountainman does not think it a crime if you "get the drop" on your enemy and pull the trigger a second sooner than he does. A discussion of this question involves a casuistry that is too deep for the average mind. "Many men, many manners," and this is the manner among the far western mountain-born. The life is a healthful and clean one, far from the temptations that beset the unwary in the great cities of the East.

The President is not a bird hunter, except on rare occasions. He likes the pursuit of the big game of the farthest-west mountains, and enjoys its dangers. Many a night has he passed wrapped up in his fur-lined blanket and encouched in his sleeping-bag. A "sleeping-bag" is a huge sack made of canvas generally as an outside and a thick lining of fur skins within. It is a difficult thing to get in or out of, but a more comfortable device was never contrived. With the thermometer anywhere below zero, with your feet to the camp fire, sheltered from the falling snow by an "A" tent, you can sleep as comfortably as you would at home, even though the big gray and black wolves may keep up their dismal howl all night, with the shriller notes of the coyote as an interlude.

With no one but his half-breed guide for company and his rifle at his side, President Roosevelt has slept many a night there alone. It is the duty and business of the guide to keep the fire well alight, for without it a lumbering cinnamon bear, or even a grizzly, might take a fancy to pay one a visit. But all wild animals fear fire, and, though the shine of the encircling wolves' eyes may be seen like sparks of an electric light not fifty yards away, they will come no nearer, even though the hanging venison or elk's haunch on the limbs of the surrounding trees may be ever so tempting.

President Roosevelt is not a hunter with the brown-barreled double gun. The man who uses that is what the western big-game killers call "a bird hunter." He is a rifleman pure and simple. He does occasionally use the shotgun, but it would not be a suitable weapon for elk, black-tail deer, and white, or, in the northern mountains along our British Columbian line, the occa-

sional moose. President Roosevelt has had much experience with white hunters and red and Canadian coureurs du bais. In one fact he concurs with all experienced mountainmen. It is that an Indian, be he full-blood or half-breed, is never as skillful a hunter as the white man. "I have had many guides and trackers," he said to a friend not long since, "but, though an Indian may be even more expert in knowledge of the ways of game or any wild thing than the white man, he is never his equal in killing it or as a crack shot. I have never known an Indian who could shoot as straight or was as certain of his quarry when he did shoot as the best white hunters. Then they will not take the pains in keeping their rifles in good shooting condition that the white hunter does. The white man always realizes that his life may some time depend on the sureness, the readiness, and the accuracy of his weapons. The Indian knows it. too, but somehow it does not move him to take the care of them that the white man always does."

The President has used several makes of rifles, but he has two upon which he specially relies. One is a single-shot arm with a Sharp's action, upon which he has had fitted a thirty-inch 45-caliber barrel weighing about eight pounds. This gun is sighted with the ordinary old-time notch-and-head sight, with a Lyman peep-sight on the rifle's grip that can be turned down or taken off in a moment when not intended to be used. This arm shoots a 100-grain cartridge and a 450-grain 45-caliber bullet. It has an effective range of 800 yards. Up to 400 or 500 he can kill an elk or any similar sized animal in five shots out of ten if he has a good position. Of course, he never uses the hundred-year-old crescent-rigged stock on his rifle.

"I have found a heavy shotgun butt the best and readiest stock that was ever devised, and I have it on all my guns," he said.

The other rifle is one built for him especially by a company famous for its repeating rifles. It carries four cartridges in its cartridge receiver and one in the barrel, always ready for instant use. "This is perhaps my favorite arm," he said a short time since, talking of his panther-hunting trip to Colorado. It is also a thirty-inch-barreled rifle, weighing complete, about ten pounds. It is sighted, as the other is, with an ivory front sight and a wide shallow V-shaped notch in the back sight and a

turn-up peep on the rifle's grip. This is the weapon with which he killed fourteen cougars, or, as we in the South call them, panthers. The Colorado panther is not as large as his fellow-feline of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas, but he is a pretty formidable beast to tackle after all. An animal that can pick up a yearling calf in his jaws and climb over a six-railed fence with it, and never once loose his grip, would not be a pleasant antagonist to meet if he were hungry and you alone with nothing in your hands but a bird gun.

The President has killed many hundred deer, black tails and the Virginia species, besides elk galore. He got West a little too late for the buffalo in any quantity. Still, he has one or two shaggy heads that fell to his rifle which in massiveness are equal to any found in old Kit Carson's days.

The writer of this saw in 1860 what was called the great southern herd of buffalo crossing the Red fork of the Arkansas, in what is now known as western Oklahoma. The column was probably three miles in width and how long could not be seen. Our four troops of the Second United States cavalry waited nearly three days to get our baggage and ammunition wagons ahead, for they were moving directly across the trail. Finally Major Van Dorn, in command, concluded we were losing too much time, and we made a detour that took us to another ford higher up on the river. When we lost sight of them the rear end of the column of buffaloes had not come in sight. And to think of it. today the largest herd known consists of about eighty calves in all, and but for the constant vigilance of the miners and ranchmen in the little valley where this remnant of a mighty race of beasts now lives they would have been exterminated long ago by Cheyennes, Comanches, and Lipans and half-wild white men, who covet their skins for the few miserable dollars they will bring, and the meat because they could sell it at the nearest mining camp.—*The Evening Star.*

HONEST MONEY.

BY J. F. DUNBAR.

In the issue of the *African World* for the 23d of April there appears, under the head of editorials, an article captioned "Honest Money," which so touched our sentiments that we are compelled to ask you to allow us to make an expression upon it in your paper. The editor of the *African World* has indeed taken a right step in a right direction—a step which we trust he will not be afraid or ashamed to advocate and stand by—a step which we have been wishing long since to see some editor or political leader take. May you and the editors of the *Living Chronicle* and the *New Africa* join him in emphasizing the importance of this subject.

That which will give the people of Liberia an honest-money system is not, in our opinion, legislation to compel merchants to take the legal tender of the Republic (approved bills and checks), dollar for dollar, but legislation for retrenchment. A portion of the salary of every salaried officer, from the President down to the lowest one, should be cut off; only the cutting off should be proportionately done. And there are other standing appropriations which may also be curtailed or entirely canceled; that for peace public highway is an instance.

What is the use of promising a man one thousand dollars when we are hardly able to pay him seven hundred, or two hundred dollars when we are able to give him only one hundred and fifty? It is better to say what we mean and mean what we say. It is dishonesty to promise that which we are not able to give, or to say one thing and mean quite another.

And here is where the trouble lies. The man who is promised four hundred dollars feels that he has a right to get it, and indeed he has. When the quarter is up he makes out his bill and calls on the subtreasurer for payment. He may get one-tenth of his bill paid him in coin; but he has to provide for his family during the ensuing quarter. He might manage all right the first week with the few pennies he received from the subtreasurer; but the next week, when Ben Johnson (an expression

for necessity) stares him in the face, he is compelled to sell his bill to the merchant, and he is glad sometimes to get it off at 50 per cent. discount. Who, then, is to be blamed for this? We cannot blame the officer; he is necessitated. We cannot blame the merchant; his business is to make every cent he can. But we do lay the blame at the feet of those who set the man's salary at a figure beyond what could actually be paid him.

Strictly speaking, most merchants are receiving a regular salary from the Government. When four hundred or two hundred dollars is promised an officer, one-third or one-fourth of it is for the merchant. Can the Government afford to do this—help to make those rich who are not in her service and who are interested in her only for what they can get out of her?

Of course, it is not every officer who meets with this sad fate and has to undergo such trying inconveniences and privations. There are some who may be called the favored few. These would rather things remain just as they are, because they have found out a loose screw which the others have not found out. But St. Paul tells us that without charity we are like sounding brass and tinkling cymbals—we are nothing. We have every reason to believe, however, that the majority are thus suffering.

The quick sixpence and not the slow shilling is what the unfavored many want and should have. Give them two-thirds in gold of what is promised them and they will be able to use it to a far greater advantage than the whole sum in checks and bills; for they have to beg and buy with a heavy discount and a very high price on the goods, when it is check and not gold that they have in hand.

And with regard to the standing appropriations which we say should be curtailed or entirely canceled, we do believe that retrenchment or a change of system along this line will greatly help to bring about the honest-money system which the editor of the *African World* is calling attention to, and which we, too, hold is a felt need in Liberia. Instead of making these standing appropriations every year the legislature should, we think, instruct the Secretary of the Treasury to meet such contingent expenses, should any occur during the year, and make a detailed report to that body at its next session of the expenditures. We say this because there is scarcely a necessity for such appro-

priations every year. And even when there is a necessity for them they could not be the same every year. To make them, therefore, of a standing nature is, in our opinion, not just the thing. Whether or no anything turns up during the year to consume the amount, it is more than likely that bills will be issued to cover it. Making the appropriation is the giving of license for its consumption, and no man should be thus tempted to act dishonestly.

Checks and approved bills have become the legal tender (a rotten money system) of our Government today because her appropriations exceed her revenue. We do not see what else could have brought about such a system but this. There must have been a time when this paper system started. What, then, gave rise to its adoption?

If our memory serves us right, there was an adoption of this system when Mr. Cheeseman was President, and because he vetoed it upon the request of citizens of Monrovia he was threatened with impeachment. It might have been in existence before that, but this was once when the legislature gave its sanction to it by an enactment over the President's veto.

Would the Secretary of the Treasury have recommended and the legislature have adopted it, had it been found that there was sufficient money in or coming into the treasury to meet the various appropriations or even to pay the salaries of the several officers? We think they would not. In fact, there would have been no necessity for it.

The entire duty, import and export, on all articles should be paid in gold and silver. But what do we find? If our duty bill is ten dollars, we pay one-half in General Government bills, one-fourth in county checks, and the other fourth in gold. Why is this the case? It is because there are so many checks and bills in the possession of merchants and other individuals that the Government had to provide a way to redeem them. And just see how the merchant is "making his jack!" He buys a check at 50 per cent. discount, gives only merchandise in exchange for it, and that at extortionate prices, and pays the same paper into the treasury against his duties as gold, dollar for dollar. Oh! may God grant that the eyes of the people will become opened on this subject!

Retrenchment is the only remedy we see for this state of affairs.

Let the legislature at its next session, say, cut down the appropriation bill 33⅓ or 25 per cent., and let it pass a resolution requiring three-fourths of all duties to be paid in gold and one-fourth in checks. This being done, the merchants will stop buying checks, and those which they already have will gradually be consumed by their paying one-fourth of their duties with them; and within a very short while gold and silver will be floating about just as checks and bills are to-day. The merchants will then beg the officer to buy from him, and will offer him his goods at exceptional cheap rates, instead of the officer begging him to take his check, as he now does, at 50 per cent. discount. Then, and only then, will Liberia have an *honest-money system* and the poor people be relieved of oppression.

The legislature adopting the system which the Government is working upon today is like a weak man trying to carry one hundred weight on his head because he sees another who is much stronger than he carrying the same weight. Some men's trying to live like other men live has made them wear the famous *iron collar* and a *chain* fastened not to a watch, but to a block of wood. Let our legislators beware. We cannot do what our mother, the United States of America, can do. She can count dollars by the million, but we are just beginning to count them by the thousand. The interest of the people, especially the poor, is what each of them should study. They should lose sight of self. That is what being elected by the people means.

We hope and trust that the need of an *honest-money system* in Liberia will be seen and felt by every citizen and member of the legislature, and that some measures will be adopted at the next session to better the state of affairs.—*The Liberia Recorder.*

THE SECRET SOCIETIES IN WESTERN AFRICA.

CLARA WILSON, TRANSLATOR.

Western Africa has always been noted for the growth of its secret secieties. Miss Kingsley, who knew well this region from having made frequent visits there, has shown that the secret societies fulfill the most varied missions and possess the most

absolute power. Their influence is found in the choice or overthrow of a chief as well as in the punishment of criminals and in the repairing of public works. No one would dare to oppose their orders or their wishes, and the more secret the society the more dreaded is its suppression.

In a recently published work, a German author, H. Schurtz,* devoted several pages to the different secret associations that are found in Western Africa, going from the north to the south. First of all can be mentioned the society known under the name of Purrah.

The Purrah.—The Purrah is a most perfect example of a secret society which has for its purpose the maintenance of the bonds of union between different tribes, and which up to a certain point even constitutes a form of government.

The Purrah is found among five united tribes of the Fulla-Susus, occupying the southern part of Sierra Leone colony as far as Cape Monte. Each tribe has its own society. The men can enter it only at the age of thirty years. These five local Purrahs form the Grand Purrah, which can be governed only by men over fifty years old, and the purpose of which is the higher government of the society.

Each Purrah has a court of justice composed of twenty-five members, whose duty it is to prosecute crimes and to settle differences. The grand tribunal meets only in exceptional cases, as, for instance, when the question is to try traitors or rebels or to close hostilities between tribes. While the grand tribunal is in session it is absolutely forbidden to shed blood.

The sittings of the Grand Purrah judging a dispute between two tribes last generally a month. During the time it is determined which tribe is in fault and a certain number of warriors is collected. Then the tribe in fault is condemned to four days of pillage. This is carried out by the soldiers of the neutral tribes. The executors appear masked and armed with sabers and lighted torches. They kill all those who do not take refuge within the houses, and they completely ravage the country. The half of the spoils is returned to the attacked tribe and the other part is distributed among the plunderers by the Grand Purrah. When certain families become too rich and too power-

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* *Alter Klassen und Mannerbünde,* by Heinrich Schurtz.

ful the Grand Purrah orders a raid upon them. All resistance is immediately punished by death.

Admission into the Purrah is accompanied by all kinds of ordeals and intimidations. It is preceded by a sojourn in a sacred forest, where the novice is obliged to pass some months in the deepest solitude, and where he is served by masked people. The new member takes a vow never to disclose the secrets of the society. If he violates his oath the punishment of death is pronounced immediately against him and a masked warrior is charged to execute it.

Certain authors claim that children are admitted in the ranks of the society from their seventh year. It is probable that a preliminary initiation takes place. The members of the Purrah are distinguished by a peculiar tattoo and make use of certain signs which are understood only by the initiated.

The Mumbo-Djumbo.—The Society of the Mumbo-Djumbo is a secret institution that is found among the tribes of the Mandirgos. One understands by Mumbo-Djumbo a demon who lives in the forest, whence he comes sometimes at night, howling, in order to dance or to punish criminals. He is most often occupied in chastising unfaithful women. In fact, the masked man who plays the rôle of the demon is only the instrument of a secret society ; generally it is the husband himself. This secret society possesses the customary initiations, ordeals, and vows. The young people cannot enter before they have attained their tenth year. It possesses a special language that neither the women nor the uninitiated understand. The society includes the majority, if not all, of the men, and is directed principally against the women, for whom it is an object of perpetual fear.

The society that delegates the Mumbo-Djumbo fulfills other missions. Under the influence of the chiefs, it has degenerated, and its members have become the police charged to execute the orders of the chief under ridiculous disguises.

The Simo.—The Simo fulfills among the tribes on the shores of the Rio-Nunez the same mission as the Mumbo-Djumbo of the Mandirgos. He is also the delegate of a secret society which is occupied with the circumcision and education of the young people. The boys that are circumcised between the twelfth and fourteenth years remain for seven years in the forest—for seven years near the Simo. The young people lead an idle life during

this period, and their parents are obliged to support them. Under the direction of the Simo, they wander in the forest and mercilessly beat all the uninitiated that they meet. They show also a special hatred towards the women.

When the young people return to the village at the expiration of their years of trial a grand festival is organized, in which the Simo takes part, as well as the older members of the society. In order to show that they belong to the association, the members plant before the door of their hut a tree or stake, at the top of which is fastened a piece of cloth.

The institution of the Simo is found among different tribes of this region, but, naturally, has among each of them certain special features which are yet but little known. The Bagos make appear as a scarecrow the wife of the Simo, that they call Penda-Penda. Among the Susus the association has a peculiar language, and there is also a league of women besides that of the men. The principal festival that it celebrates is a kind of consecration of young girls.

There are still some leagues of women in the south of Senegambia, as, for example, the association Attonga of the Bullom. It has for its object the worship of the dead, and it erects in each district a little house by the side of the one that contains the *palabres*. In the island of Tumbo the women and the girls have also a certain organization. They take part in general dances at the time of the consecration of young girls. During this ceremony appears a man clothed in skins. It is necessary to state, in conclusion, that an association of men watches over the women, or that one formerly existed.

The Egungun.—In the region of Yoruba there are two great secret associations—the league of the Egungun and that of the Ogboni. The first, whose influence is the least extended, manifests itself outwardly by the apparition of the Egungun (literally bones, skeleton) of a masked man clothed in grasses, which is considered the soul of a dead person. Like the Mumbo-Djumbo, it executes a kind of justice, especially against the women. Those who are guilty of adultery are delivered to the Egungun and to his followers of masked men in order to be put to death. The people, who in general know very well that the disguised person is no spirit, carefully avoid it, for contact with it is considered to cause death. This is why the Egungun takes pleasure in

jumping suddenly towards the spectators, who then jump back, frightened and amused at the same time. It offers a typical image of the tragic and comic combined, which is shown so strongly in the institutions of secret societies.

Owing to its relations with the dead, the society of the Egungun plays an important part in funeral ceremonies. Several days after the burial the Egungun runs through the village crying aloud the name of the deceased. After another interval of some days it appears to the family of the deceased and communicates news as to his fate. On this occasion it is received with great hospitality. In the month of June of each year takes place a festival of the Egungun sacred principally to the memory of those who have died during the last twelve months. It is not known if the society of the Egungun takes part in the consecration of the boys; but as the adults and the sons of freemen know the secret, while all the women and the slaves are obliged, at least, to appear to believe that the Egungun is a spirit, it can be presumed that some of these questions are revealed to the children at the time of their consecration.

The Oro.—The Oro is the representative of the society of the Ogboni. This league seems to fulfill in the country of Yoruba, which is organized as a republic, a political mission similar to that of the Purrah in the Fullah tribes. It is the bond that unites the several tribes of the group at the same time that it fulfills a judicial rôle within each community.

The Oro, which is the executive power of the society, lives generally in the forests near the villages. When it wishes to appear in public it is announced by the sound of agitated reeds. It thus warns the women to hide, for they cannot under penalty of death look at him or the reeds. The sound produced by these is considered as the voice of the spirits. Generally the Oro appears in the night, armed with a solid bamboo and accompanied with masked satellites to chastise or put to death the criminals designated previously. According to certain authorities, these apparitions take place only once or twice a year; then the visited districts are for a certain time at the discretion of the Oro. At Ondo an annual festival of the Oro is celebrated, which lasts not less than three months. At that time the men run through the city brandishing the reeds, dancing, and singing and killing the dogs and chickens, which they take as plunder.

In the country of Nufri the dead are represented by masked persons (Gumuko). Frobenius has shown that the Dodo of the pagan tribes of the country of the Haussas, which appears at harvest time, is no more than a representative of the dead.

The Egbo and the Mungi.—On the coast of Calabar and Kamerun is found a secret society of the name of Egbo. At Kamerun it is also called Mungi. This society is not very old. It was started probably between merchants in an oil market in the interior, halfway between Calabar and Kamerun, with the view of preventing disorders and assessing negligent debtors. This league has not preserved its primitive democratic character. The chiefs are at the head of it, but in its new form it remains a means of political union. It has grown to such an extent that the older associations have disappeared or have been reduced to almost nothing. It is probable that the societies of the Juju of the district of Calabar, whose customs are so barbarous, are only branches of the society of Egbo.

According to the authority of Bastian, the society of Egbo at Kamerun is divided into eleven degrees, the three highest of which are not accessible to slaves. The privilege to pass from one degree to another is bought. The price of it is given to those who occupy the highest degree (Njampa, Yampai), of whom the president is the highest chief. Each of these degrees has its special festival. That day, or rather that night, for the festivals of the Egbo are celebrated always by moonlight, the rights and customs are suspended and the masked representatives of the class which organize the merrymaking do what they wish after the manner of the demons of the forest, of which already several have been mentioned. All the uninitiated are obliged to conceal themselves on this occasion if they wish to avoid being beaten as plaster or killed. All those who consider themselves injured by any one can submit the question to the league. This inquires into the matter, and if there is cause appoints one of its representatives, accompanied by satellites, to execute the sentence. In most cases it consists in beating down the roof of the house of the condemned over his head. The results are often wounds and sometimes death. In this manner the league of the Egbo exercises a terror which assures the free men that are in minority the control of the women and the slaves. The special signs of the league are employed suc-

cessfully to protect property. Admission to the league is preceded by a sojourn in the forest. At Kamerun the young boys are intrusted to a people of the woods, the Makokos. The league has also a special language.

In Old Calabar the league of the Egbo is divided, after Holman, in five classes, of which the first has alone the right to form the council, which is held in the house of the *palabres*. It has also the control of the tax paid by the members passing from one class to another. The society executes justice in the same way as at Kamerun. It takes charge also of the payment of debts. The chiefs of the villages of Duketown and of Creektown are the high dignitaries of the league, but they are not at its head and do not have absolute power. The league of the Egbo is the only power that maintains the union of the localities of the district of Calabar. There also seems to be a kind of high priest called Ndem Efik or Grand Juju of Calabar. This last name proves that the Juju temples of the districts of Calabar and Bonny, containing the collections of human skulls and idols, are in close relations with the Egbo or with other secret associations of the same kind.

The Juju temple of Bonny visited by Mr. Thomas was a huge structure, that scarcely differed from the other houses of the locality, but within there was an altar, and its walls were decorated with hundreds of skulls.

Other Secret Societies of the Kamerun.—Beside the Egungun and the Egbo there are still found traces of a great number of other secret societies. Many of them have only a temporary existence, and disappear without leaving any trace. A missionary of Bâle counted forty of them; another one a still greater number. Here they are localisms; but it is not less certain that instead of the one ancient association a number of others have been created which form a union, some of which have prospered, while others have declined. Besides the associations of men there are also leagues of women, for it is only in forming a union that the women can resist the tyranny of the men. Sometimes the slaves have recourse to the same means for mutual protection.

A certain number of secret societies of the interior of Kamerun practice cannibalism. Among the Bakundu, writes Conraw, as well as among the Negro tribes which surround them, secret

societies are found that exercise a real influence on the mass of the people. They permit only their members to use certain objects, such as chemises, hats, parasols, &c., and they endeavor by all kinds of deceit to plunder the young people who have acquired a little money by their work. When a member of the society dies he is succeeded by his son. Among the Bakundu the member of the society who has just died is not interred, but eaten. Generally, when it is known that he cannot get well, he is put to death, in order to prevent his flesh from becoming unfit to eat.

In the district of the upper Wuri and Sannaga there is an association of men called Meli and a corresponding association of women. The society Male, spread about the mouth of the Kamerun, belongs to the same group. As far as can be judged by what is known, the association Meli has a peculiarly warlike and barbarous character. Judging by the period when the Germans took possession of the Kamerun, this league had then the form of a conspiracy against the stranger. The league of women bearing the name of Dschengu possesses, like that of the men, a secret language and comprises only free women. It seems to worship a fairy of the waters.

According as peace has been established in the country, and owing also to the influence of missionaries, these two secret societies have almost disappeared; but others have taken their place. Thus the ancient league of Panga has gained new strength. It is a pillaging association. The festivals have degenerated into savage orgies. Formerly fresh human skulls were necessary to celebrate the rites. This recalls the temples of Juju and their collections of skulls. It is of this league that Kobel referred when he said in regard to the region of Mangamba:

"Formerly the chiefs and the old men of all the villages formed a secret society called the League Losango. They executed their ravages during the night. They stole the chickens, the goats, the cows. They even attacked the people and killed them, saying that Isango (fetich) had done it. The government prohibits these associations as much as possible. Nevertheless some still exist, but their members no longer say that Isango has done the evil; now they accuse the leopards."

In reality all these associations depend on one another, and it is not possible to establish a clear distinction between them.

Thus the missionary Lauffer tells that in the locality of Yabi there existed a league of Mungi. Now, Mungi is none other than Isango. On the other hand, the Mungi corresponds also to the Egbo. This shows how the different forms are allied. The Mungi of Yabi resembles strongly the society of the same name at the mouth of the Kamerun. Its festivals take place by moonlight, and its principal object is to deceive the women. It has also this peculiar feature: the women are strictly forbidden to eat meat. The Mungi watches carefully that this rule is kept. Those who violate it, and generally the persons who offend the Mungi, are put to death. The head is frequently left on the side of the road to serve as a warning. Those who believe that the Mungi is a man and not a god are also sacrificed. The chief and the old men of the league exact a monthly assessment of five marks from the members.

The term Juju is also used at Kamerun. According to Reichenows, certain signs are so called, which the secret society of the Elung uses as symbols of ownership or of consecration. For example, these are bouquets of grasses or banana leaves, or gourds. Those who seize an object protected by one of these signs must die a painful death. The Elung is thus considered as a god or spirit who lives in the woods and who walks from time to time in the village under the form of an image which takes the place of the usual masked dancers. The fear of the women, the payment of taxes, etc., are similar to the peculiarities found in the other secret societies. Finally, there is the Ekongolo, a society occupied with funeral ceremonies. In the festivals of the dead appear some dancers wearing masks of antelopes, who sometimes walk quietly and sometimes scatter the crowd in a fit of madness.

The Nda, the Ngoi, and the Njembe.—In the locality of the mouth of the Ogoué there are a great number of secret societies. This region is interesting, owing to the leagues for women established there in distinct opposition to the associations for men. In certain localities they have even succeeded in considerably increasing the respect for woman.

The sovereign power of the society of the men is personified, as in the greater number of the secret societies of Africa, in a spirit of the forest, the Nda, who appears on rare occasions in the form of a man clothed with leaves of *pisang* and accompanied

by young people dancing to the sound of a kind of flute. He exacts or takes in the course of his rounds all that pleases him, especially when an important man of the locality dies. In this case he demands all that is necessary for the funeral repast. The women and children hide themselves at his approach for fear of receiving painful reprimands. According to Burton, the one who represents the spirit of the forests uses stilts to appear taller.

The society of men which is called Ngoi, and that is found among the Aduma, is better known than the league of Nda. This society is principally occupied with the festivals of the dead. The chief of the society is the Mon-Ndonga, a kind of priest of superior rank. He also controls the entrance dues of the new members. The spirit of the forest, Ngoi, organizes the funeral ceremonies. On this accasion the body of the deceased is carried in the forest, where it is said to be eaten by the members of the society. An abundant repast follows; it is considered as destined for Ngoi, but it is also consumed by the members. The bones of the corpse are cleaned, painted red, and then brought back to the village. Sometimes the Ngoi appears in the village, to the great fear of the women and children, who hurry to conceal themselves. The secret is strictly kept from them.

Frequently the women have started secret associations in order to resist the terrorism of the men societies. The best-known society of women is found among the Mpongwe and the Bakalai. This league, called the Njembe, has fetich huts in the forest. Girls from twelve to fourteen years can belong to the league. On this occasion there are festivals and processions in the forest. The demon of the forest does not appear. The fear that the league inspires seems to be in the belief that its members possess the means of sorcery, enabling them to discover thefts and to penetrate secrets. The mysteries of the society are guarded with the greatest discretion.

The Mangongo and the Mwetyi.—The district of Ogoué still has the societies of Mangongo and of Mwetyi. The first, which is spread among the Aduma, is remarkable for the reason that it pays homage to a spirit of the waters, Mangongo. This explains the numerous trips even to a certain dangerous point that the Aduma make across the rapids of the Ogoué. The society is

adapted to the nature of this new spirit; the demon of the forests has become the demon of the waters. At the time of the initiation of the novices it arises from the waters of the Ogoué and proceeds in the midst of the noise towards the hut of the league. A peppered decoction is thrown in the eyes of the new members, after which the Mangongo takes flight to the river in the midst of cries. The women are forbidden to pronounce the name of the spirit under the pain of death.

One meets many spirits of the waters in the Ogoué. There are among them some who do the work of blacksmiths. These recall the secret associations of mechanics in the basin of the Congo who monopolize the iron-work and other industries and prevent the competition of those who are not members by all kinds of witchcraft and violence. It is probable that the same causes have brought about the stories of the Ogoué.

The Mwetyi of the Bakele and of the Schekiani lives in the depths of the earth, from whence it ascends sometimes to visit the house of the league, which is in the center of the village. He reveals himself by a dull rumbling, which comes from the interior of the house. When he withdraws from the village all those not initiated must conceal themselves. One of the principal privileges of the spirit is to prophesy. He is also called upon on the subject of treaties and conventions. He watches also the execution of the laws, which are scrupulously observed only when they are promulgated in his name. Here appears the political influence of the society, without which anarchy would regain the ascendancy.

The society of the Mwetyi comprises nearly all the male population in the localities where it is established. The boys are brought into it between their fourteenth and eighteenth year. They are obliged to submit to a series of severe ordeals. Finally they renounce by a vow a food or a drink, and during all their life remain faithful to this pledge. This feature is not peculiar to this society. It is met again in Africa and other places. One is assured by this renunciation against the animosity of fate, and one acquires, on the other hand, the support of certain spirits which is granted only to those who abstain from a definite nourishment. The choice is generally individual; each one has then his special habits of drinking and eating. Nevertheless it happens also that an entire league follows a prescribed

diet, which is considered then as a law of the spirit of the league.

The Sidungo.—The society of the Sidungo is met on the coast of Loango. It is found under the orders of the King of Angoy, but its members have preserved a remnant of their ancient liberty. An officer of the king calls them together when the king wishes to have them interpose as executors of his orders. He distributes to them the masks and garments of grass with which they must disguise themselves. As soon as the distribution is made the Sidungo throw themselves on the officers and chase them towards the village. They make then their round, in the course of which they give themselves up to all excesses. They undertake also commissions for special ones. Thus they call in debts. When the debtor does not pay immediately he is plundered and his property is laid waste or his house is thrown upon him; afterwards he is kicked to death.

In addition to the orders of the king and judgments, the Sidungo also take charge of funerals. But their most important rôle is that of conjurers of the rain. With a view to calling forth the rain they organize ceremonies either in the village, which must be abandoned by all the inhabitants, or in the sacred forest of Dunga.

Since the appearance of the European the society of the Sidungo is in decline. It no longer furnishes police services. It preserves its importance only in the cases where it is necessary to call forth the rain.

On the coast of Loango, and even to the mouth of the Congo, there still exists an entire series of secret societies that occupy themselves either in the initiation of the boys or in the worship of the dead.

The Ndembo.—The society of the Ndembo is found in the lower Congo, but also in the interior, where it has spread. It is noticed that when a society enlarges in this way the different groups do not always preserve a close relation. It often happens that the society sends out emissaries, who possess a greater or lesser independence. On the other hand, one sees also some members establish lodges under their own authority. It is probable that the Ndembo has spread in this way, and this is the reason that, unlike the Purrah, it does not maintain the political union among the tribes. On the contrary, it is divided into local

groups. Borna, on the banks of the Congo, is considered the original place of the Ndembo. It seems that all the adult population belong to the league, and that it finds itself as Nganga opposed to the children not yet initiated. This league presents this exceptional feature, that it comprises the two sexes, which leads to immoral scenes at the time of the celebration of festivals.

Here little mention is made of demons of the forest and disguises; instead the respect for the dead and the resurrection are strongly developed. The use of masks is not practiced, owing to the fact that the women belong to the league and there is no longer any public upon which the dances and jugglery can make an impression.

Those who are obliged to enter the league are informed in advance of the rôle that they have to play. When the appointed day comes the wizard of the village shakes his rattle above the novices; these fall immediately to the ground; they are wrapped then in canvas and are transported to a place surrounded by a hedge outside of the village; there they are gathered in numbers of twenty to fifty. They remain there a certain time, which varies, according to localities, from three months to three years. It is admitted that the "dead" decompose during this time; after which the wizard gathers together their bones and brings them back to life by witchcraft. The resurrected then return to the village with great pomp. They continue to play the comedy, affecting not to recognize their parents, speaking an unknown tongue, and conducting themselves as children. They take also all that comes in their way, striking or killing the owners who protect their property.

The Nkimba.—The Nkimba is another secret society of the Lower Congo. This league has submitted to numerous local changes, which causes a disagreement in the information regarding its motives. The forms are more simple in the interior of the country than on the coast; the chiefs have made it their instrument and have changed the customs to forward their own interest.

The Nkimba resembles the Ndembo in that the ceremonies of initiation are accompanied by a simulated death and a resurrection, and that it does not know the demons of the forest.

Nevertheless, it is probable that this league formerly possessed demons and masked dancers.

The initiation of the young boys is presided over by a priest Ganga), who goes into the forest with his pupils. They remain there a certain time, which varies, according to localities, from two months to two years. The young people are put to sleep by means of a narcotic, after which they are declared dead. When they awake the usual comedy begins. They have forgotten everything. They receive a new name and are taught again everything. Above all, they must learn the secret language of the league. Their reappearance in the village is accompanied by all kinds of excess and violence.

As long as the novices remain in the forest they wear peculiar clothing—a kind of crinoline of grasses. They have also a special tattoo and a particular headdress, but they do not wear a mask. At the end of each year some of the novices are allowed to go away; the others continue to be instructed and rise to a rank in the hierarchy of the society; those who leave are obliged to reimburse the expense of their education and can marry.

In the region of the coast the customs of the Nkimba are much modified. One meets there other ceremonies which are celebrated at greater or less intervals.

The Mukisch.—In the Lower Congo a decadence in the secret societies is noticed, in this regard, that one of their characteristics, the masked dance of the spirits of the forest has disappeared, and that only the ceremonies of initiation are well preserved. In the southern part of the basin of the Congo, and even to Zambesi, the opposite to this is noticed. The ceremonies of initiation have disappeared, while the masked dances have been kept up as a popular recreation more or less inoffensive.

The principal function of the Mukisch seems to be the driving away of evil spirits. The dance is practiced also, but the violence and robbery observed in the north are replaced by begging.—*Bulletin de la Société d'Etudes Coloniales.*

CRITICISMS OF THE NEGRO

BY W. H. COUNCIL.

In surveying the progress made by the Negroes in the last forty years the question arises, Has this progress been along the same lines traveled by other people similarly situated? This question is raised because of the constant attacks made on the efforts of the race in the early part of its emancipated life, and the attempt by some men to regard the Negro in a different light from other people, and to require more of him in his transitional period than from any other race in history. It is to be deeply regretted that too often, for the sake of popularity, men have spoken in contempt of the noble efforts of the Negroes, who came up from slavery amid trials and tribulations—men who made every inch of southern soil sacred by their labor, tears, and their blood; men who upheld the Stars and Stripes and made it possible for these younger men who have attempted to traduce them to rise in the world. Some of these men have told us that the works of Charlotte Tubman, Frances Ellen Harper, Sojourner Truth, Frederick Douglass, Amanda Smith, Bishop Payne, Bishop Turner, John M. Langston, Henry Highland Garnett, William Still, Charles B. Ray, J. M. Trotter, Robert Purvis, Peter H. Clark, and hosts of as equally great, loyal, and true members of our race, who struggled before and after freedom, were unwise in thought and action. It is a sad thing when men, with a wave of the hand, will dismiss the forefathers of the race in freedom and discount all their prayers, tears, and blood. No race which does not hold sacred the memory of its fathers has ever amounted to anything.

The southern white people are to be congratulated for the sacredness in which they have held the names of Alexander H. Stephens, Calhoun, Jefferson Davis, and men who have led them in thought for a hundred years. I will be sorry for the man who will be so unwise as to assert in the public prints of the South that the leaders of the southern people, from the foundation of the Government to this day, have made nothing but blunders and started everything wrong. It would take all the governors

and judges of the South combined to prevent a lynching. I honor the South for this estimation which it puts upon its servants in the past.

Some months before the assassination of that grand and beloved man, President McKinley, when he came South and out of the goodness of his heart proposed that the North would build monuments to help decorate the graves of the heroes of the "lost cause," the South, with a bow of gratitude, thanked the President for this appreciation of nobleness and generosity of his soul, but, from Virginia to Texas, the South said: "The graves of our fallen heroes are too sacred to be decorated by the hands of those who made them. Our wives and children must perform the sacred duty." This sentiment showed the character of the Southern people, which must be applauded as worthy of imitation in all the races. Now, I recite this in order to repeat that this principle must be in the Negro's breast or our leaders will be forever beating around, discounting the actions of their friends in the past, in order to draw to themselves notoriety and applause of people who do not like us. These men would not only put all the necks of the entire past leaders of the race upon one chopping block, where one blow would remove them from history, but they credit themselves with all the wisdom and prophetic vision of the race, past and present and for all time to come.

The Negro benevolent societies have been attacked and abused. Their wisdom in putting together their mites for mutual aid in sickness and in death has been misrepresented and held up for ridicule, in order that some men may be brought into prominence and to advertise their personal ambition. What are the great insurance companies among the white people of this country today but the evolution of their early efforts at mutual assistance? The race which fails to care for its dead and to make its temples greater than its homes has no place in the history of men. Such a place is semi-barbaric and ghoulish. Mutual societies, the building of temples, care of the dead, all mark the highest civilization known in history. The fact that the Negro observes these high marks of civilization is another fact which characterizes it as one of the coming races of the world.

Our religion has been attacked and put down as an error, our ministers condemned, the early teachers and their educational methods pronounced unwise, and the race in general led out of

court. Why this wholesale condemnation of all that pertains to the past history of the race? Has it been for the general good of the race or for personal exaltation and aggrandizement? I came from the other side of the flood. Forty years I have been a close observer of what has gone on within and without the race. Without one day of intermission I have stood in the school-room. I have carefully studied the history of the rise, progress, decay, or success of all historic peoples. I do not hesitate to state that every step made by the Negroes in this country has been in harmony with the steps made by all other races in passing from barbarism to civilization. Any careful student of history will testify that nothing more clearly marks the common origin of races than the common steps to rise in the world. There is nothing in the life of the Negro race in this country, before nor since the war, that cannot be found among other peoples in similar condition and in similar environments. Where has it ever been in any abnormal, incongruous, or in any unnatural degree or direction, but rather creditable? If we make up an issue on this wholesale denunciation of our best history we shall find that the facts in the case completely disprove the charge.

Our religion has been attacked, and still I remember a time when those queer emotional groanings and moanings were poured forth with such faith and earnestness that they broke the shackles of slavery amid the rain of lead and set the four million slaves free. I can remember when "You may have all the world, but give me Jesus," "Steal away to Jesus," "Swing low, sweet chariot," and other like songs were sung with such emotional earnestness and unswerving faith, and yet burst forth into such tornadoes that bore down before them the enemies of freedom. I remember when there was not a school-house for Negroes in the entire South. I remember when there could not be found a Negro from Chattanooga to Memphis or throughout the whole Tennessee valley who could in any way be considered scholarly or educated. I remember when they did not have a lawyer, doctor, colored teacher, educated minister, in all the sections herein named. I remember when there was not a farm or a decent home owned by Negroes throughout this entire valley. What forces put school-houses in every valley within ten years after emancipation? What forces placed refined, educated, young men and women of our own race in these school-houses

and churches within fifteen years after our emancipation? What forces placed millions of dollars in cash in homes and farms and personal property to our credit within fifteen years after our emancipation? What forces spread lawyers, doctors, and every character of business men throughout the whole Southland within twenty years after our emancipation? What mechanic forces drove forward the carpenter, the blacksmith, the wheelwright, the cook, the laundress, and every form of work everywhere in the South after "grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front"? What forces took one hundred thousand black chimneys and smoking ruins and built them up into beautiful homes and made the entire South the land of prosperity within twenty years after the guns of Fort Sumter had died away in gentle murmurs? Were these forces harmful? Was the wisdom of the men of those days all error? Was all that mighty work begun at the top? I would be sorry, indeed, for the condition of the country today if that work had all been wrong. There are no influences—religious, industrial, or psychological—possessed by men of prominence of today which do not owe their origin, inspiration, and success to the influences of those early days. The growth and development of the race along all lines was firmer and more rapid under the first twenty years of freedom than it will be in any fifty subsequent years, notwithstanding all of this advertising to bring forth some man's idea to the contrary. I think, perhaps, one of the most cruel blows struck at our forefathers is the action of some colleges in having the old plantation melodies, the most sacred of all our songs, sung by pupils simply to gratify visitors. Who would dare to stand on the capitol steps at Montgomery and sing "Dixie" in derision? Who would dare to stand on the steps of our National Capitol and chant the "Star Spangled Banner" in mockery?

Rich and seemingly all-powerful Babylon asked the old Jew to make sport of his race and of his religion. He said, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—*The Liberia Recorder.*

WE ARE LOSING OUR GRIP ON THE BREAD-WINNING OCCUPATIONS.

The issue has been squarely raised as to the wisdom of giving to the Afro-American people classical or academic with industrial education. The issue has been raised theoretically, as it is impossible to raise it actually, since there can be no conflict between the two systems of education, as was ably pointed out as far back as 1867 by Prof. Thomas Huxley. The more education a man has the better fitted is he to master and become an industrial factor of whatever sort, as the requirements of modern industrialism call for the very highest education of the head and the hands. This should be obvious to the veriest tyro of social conditions, but it is not. If this condition were not axiomatic, it would still be true that what the great mass of mankind need for the supreme work of bread-winning is a sufficient mastery of the technique of basic occupations of our industrialism to enable them to make the best possible living for themselves while rendering the highest possible service to society. For this purpose the education furnished by our public-school system would be adequate for the average individual, who is not a genius born, but a plodder, a hewer of wood and drawer of water, whom no amount of higher education can make anything else. This is the blunt truth. Only a few of any race are born in the purple of genius, and it was never necessary to make any special arrangements for their education. Like the running vine, they will find the sunlight for themselves—will get the education that they need for the special work that nature has in store for them. It has been true in all ages of the world and will always be true. The few will take care of themselves in matters of education and in all other matters, but the masses have to be moulded for the work of society, and wisdom or folly will show in the results of their education. We think that this position will not be disputed.

We have an example right at hand which should be conclusive with our own men. Since the war we have steadily lost our grip on the bread-winning occupations; so that today we have no foothold in the skilled-labor trades, and are even barred out of some of the manual-labor occupations on equal terms with

white labor. White men are supplanting us as janitors, waiters, butlers, coachmen, and the like, in so far that we who have an eye constantly wide open marvel how the race makes the money necessary for its eating, sleeping, and clothing and for its scandalous pleasures and dissipations, especially in the Northern and Western States. Immediately after the war this was not true. In the Southern States we did most of the work in the skilled trades, as the result of our slave education, and most of the manual labor of all sorts. In the North we had a monopoly of janitor and house service and as waiters and coachmen.

In the skilled trades we began to lose our grip in the Southern States when the men educated in the school of slavery began to die off and their children, who had been given the higher education, did not take their places. Northern workmen were drawn upon in the first instance to supply their places, and then later by trades-unionism barred them out entirely. Then followed the same result, in large measure, in the manual-training occupations. Our men had been educated away from them, and white men were drawn upon to supply their places, and then, when they were strong enough, barred them out entirely. So it has been in all occupations. Our educated men did not take to the employments of their fathers, and white men stepped in and did so. Now it is difficult for us to secure work in any sort of occupation.

We believe in higher and industrial eduction, but we believe first and last in the gospel of work. If a man or a race cannot secure work, for whatever reason, what will be the end of that man or race? It is a fact that we have a larger number of educated loafers who cannot get any sort of employment than any other race of like numbers in the Republic. In like manner and for like reason, we have a larger number of ignorant loafers. We have chased the phantom of one sort and another, and the white man has grabbed the substance, so that the bread-winning occupations are beyond our reach, or getting beyond our reach, and starvation is staring the race in the face in every State in the Republic, while many of our collegiate pundits are beating the air with razors, riot and confusion, and profanity about the wisdom or unwisdom of higher or industrial education, as if any sort of education is worth a rap unless a man can get work by reason of it, or has sense enough to make work

for himself, which seems not to be a race "trait and tendency," as Hannibal Thomas would put it.

Let the learned few wrangle over the sort of education we should have all they will; the masses of the race are beginning to feel the pinch of hunger and to wonder where has gone the opportunity to do an honest day's work and get an honest day's wage for it. And, sad to say, as a result of it all, the criminal record of the race is becoming more and more a terror to those of us who think with our heads and not with our mouths,

The main question is not shall we have higher or industrial education, but shall we have work of any sort to keep body and soul together? In 1887 we wrote this phase of the question down in the last chapter of a book called "Black and White," but we did not dream then that we should live to see it become a burning issue in the life of the race, with starvation and a horrible volume of crime as logical sequences of it. We have passed through trying times in the dead past; do the present conditions indicate that the future holds promise of happier days? Let the higher education pundits answer that.—*New York Age.*

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

DE WITT C. SNYDER, M. D.

The houses for the missionaries were built and the yards were cleaned up. We then turned our attention to supplying the needs of the inner man, for the small supply of European foods which we had brought with us was sure to be used up long before the arrival of another river steamer. We had brought from Europe, in sealed tins, flour, sugar, tea, coffee, condensed milk, butter, fish, meats, and some preserved fruits, but as the freight on each sixty pounds was fifteen dollars, the salary of the missionary would not allow of his buying all that he needed from so distant a market. We must, therefore, hunt up some small store "around the corner." From the natives we soon learned that we could buy chickens, eggs, goats, monkeys, and occasionally deer and wild hog. The African is not blessed

with a very sensitive nose, but when the last two meats were on their way to the mission we generally could detect it an hour before they entered the compound.

Among the vegetables were corn, sweet potatoes, yams, tomatoes, and greens. Fruits, such as pineapples, bananas, plantains, and pawpaws, were found in the markets in abundance. Peanuts were also raised in large quantities. The missionaries introduced oranges, grape fruit, mangoes, guavas, and raspberries. In our gardens we raised cabbage, lettuce, radishes, and a few other non-indigenous vegetables.

Our money had been changed into the currency of the country, and was kept in boxes and bales instead of in pocket-books and purses. When traveling it generally took two boys to carry our money, and to learn the value of each "piece" required more skill than for a foreigner to trade in the mixed coinage of England. The staple currency was cowrie shells, but wire, beads, and cloth, and later on salt, were also used as mediums of exchange.

At Luebo the sun rose and set at 6 o'clock morning and evening. There was no twilight. As a rule, the rising sun found us at the breakfast-table eating our meal of oats and eggs. When we had finished we were sure to find at least half a dozen men outside the house waiting to sell us goods. Here was a man with a long stick over his shoulder, at the ends of which were tied from twenty to thirty small chickens, wet and bedraggled from the water-soaked grass which grew along the path by which their owner had come. Yonder was a man with native honey, and scattered here and there were the others, all intent on selling their wares to the *mukelinge* (white man). The box of cowrie shells, the pail of beads, the roll of wire, and the bale of fancy and brightly-colored calico are brought forth from our "cash-drawer." "What do you want for your chickens?" we ask. "*Bintu bonso*" (all things) is the invariable answer; by which he does not really mean "all things," but any one of the different articles he sees in the boxes and bales. His price is always three or four times what the article in question is worth; so the missionary must begin by offering much less than the market price until, after much dickering, perhaps the owner will settle upon salt as the thing he wants, and the quantity is finally agreed upon. The salt is then measured out, and as the price

of each chicken is paid the chicken is untied and laid aside, the man keeping tally on his fingers, or he makes a mark with his finger in the sand. When all are accounted for his eyes scan all the barter goods, and he very likely changes his mind and wants beads. There is no help for it, so you must go over the same process with the beads that attended the measuring out of the salt. To refuse would mean the loss of the fowls, for the man would patiently tie them all on his stick again and take them to the trader across the way. The African chicken is, at best, a kind of an "X-ray" bird, for you can hold it up and see its bones very plainly.

The chickens being disposed of, we turn to the man who has been standing on one leg for the past half hour, the foot of the other leg resting against the knee of the upright one, a very characteristic attitude. He has been twiddling on a native music-box a very monotonous tune. "*Nchi?*" you say to him, and he replies "*Makila*" (eggs), and laying his *kisaje* down he draws from the fold of his loin-cloth an egg. Having carefully examined it, for the native is not averse to selling last year's eggs (if he can), it is bought. One is surprised to find the price almost that of the price of a fowl, but this is explained when you learn that the native sees a chicken in every egg. They seldom, if ever, eat them, because, as they say, it is not economical: "Let them grow to be chickens." Having laid aside the egg, you are about to turn to the next man, when he calls your attention to the fact that he has another egg for sale, and so he continues to produce his eggs, one by one, until you have a dozen or more. No amount of coaxing can make him give up all at once. He imagines that he can get a better price if he sells them separately. Those that have been rejected because they bear the impress of old age are carefully replaced in his loin cloth and carried to the next missionary, who, he hopes, will not be so particular.

While busy buying these things we have noticed the man with the honey industriously dipping a straw in the pot and licking it off with great gusto. He now comes forward and offers his stuff for sale. Looking into the clay receptacle we see a mixture of honey, water, comb, and dead bees, together with sticks and barks. With a look of disgust we tell him it is not fit to eat, and with a bland look he stirs it with his dirty finger,

which he proceeds to lick clean, and, smacking his lips, says, "*Ilingila*" (Good), and seems quite disgusted because we refuse to believe him. So the trade goes on.

Among the natives themselves another plan is followed, and instead of hawking the goods from door to door markets are held at least once a week in the open, under a grove of palm trees. Hundreds of people gather to buy and to sell. The women bring their produce in baskets on their heads or tied to their backs. Here, besides the things already mentioned above, one may buy dried fish, native salt, palm oil, palm wine, manioc roots, red peppers, and other foods peculiar to the natives, such as locusts, grubs, worms, monkeys, dogs, and rats. The missionary housewife is sure to lay in a supply of palm wine, which she uses to leaven her flour; also a pot of palm oil for making *mwamba*—a mixture of meat, palm oil, peanuts, and red peppers. These are all stewed together and form a savory dish.

The missionaries live principally on chickens and goats, and when they tire of that they vary it by having goats and chickens. The continued heat of the tropics made it necessary to build the cook-house away from the dwelling. This cook-house consisted of a clay structure about fifteen feet square and roofed with palm-leaf mats. Inside, in place of a beautiful range, was a clay stove fashioned by the hands of the hard-working missionary. The iron straps from around the bales of cloth hammered out and cut to lengths were used for the grate and for the top of the stove. The heat and smoke ascend through the interstices, and gradually find their way out through the roof.

Our first cook, Katalai by name, was a chocolate-colored, bright-eyed boy, whom we had bought for sixteen yards of unbleached muslin and who became our personal property. His clothing consisted principally of a coating of dirt and a string around his waist, from which dangled a few fetiches. We gave him a yard of muslin, of which he was very proud, but we noticed that it was growing smaller and smaller each day, until there remained only a strip about an inch wide, the color having changed from white to ecru and then to black. It was some time before we learned that it was not the effect of the climate on the cloth that caused it to diminish, but that whenever opportunity offered Katalai would run away to the village and buy a handful of peanuts, paying for them by tearing a narrow strip of cloth from the bottom of his dress.

Other children were bought from the Nzappo Zaps, who brought them to us ten at a time, tied together by their necks like so many animals. These poor children told us heart-rending tales of raids on their villages by the government, and of how their parents were either killed or carried away. Our purpose in buying them was to give them their freedom, after keeping them under our care and protection until they were old enough to care for themselves. As soon, however, as the news spread that the white people at Luebo were buying people the natives came flocking in from all over the country, bringing boys and girls and sickly men and women to sell. It was a touching scene, aud our hearts ached for them all, but we soon realized the impossibility of buying even a third of all that were brought. The plan was abandoned, and we took the ground that no one had the right to make a slave of any human being, and therefore all who came to us for protection would be declared free and could remain on the mission premises or go where they pleased. This involved us in all sorts of palavers with the natives, and often our yards were filled with crowds of armed natives who sometimes threatened our lives. The runaway slaves often fled to the mission, and more than once when the pursuers found that they were about to escape, they were murdered by a well-aimed spear or arrow just as they passed the line of our property. In the end we were forced to confine our work along this line to teaching the wrongs of slavery.

In the meantime, however, we had bought about one hundred and fifty men and women, besides a number of children. While these people were given to understand that they were no longer slaves, they nevertheless chose to remain with us, and called us "*tata*" and "*mama*" (father and mother). They were divided among the missionaries and put to work, either as personal servants in the houses or as workmen to clear the grounds, build houses, etc.

It was among these people we began our active missionary work. They heard us ask God's blessing before each meal, saw us at our private devotions, gathered with us at family prayers, and so, coming in daily touch with those who *lived* their Christianity, a deep impression was made on their minds.

A church was built just outside the large village of Kasenga, about a mile from the mission, and every Sunday we took "our

people" with us and held services there. What a motley assembly it was! On one side of the rude little church, seated on the low, home-made benches, the people from the mission grouped themselves. They were arrayed in bright pieces of calico of the loudest colors and designs. Here was a man wearing only the cast-off trousers of a missionary; yonder was another man with a loin-cloth around his waist and over his breast an old waistcoat, unbuttoned and flapping like the wings of a bird. On the other side of the church sat the natives from the village in all styles of dress and undress. Surely it was a discouraging sight, and the hearts of the missionaries sank within them as they looked on this mass of human beings, which seemed more like animals than people.

The "well-dressed" people from the mission, with their clean faces and orderly ways, however, had a wholesome effect, and did much to help and encourage us in our work. Our hopes centered on the children, who were bright and ever ready to learn. I had at the time a personal boy named Dufanda, a lad about ten years of age. He always proudly carried my Bible to and from the church. The narrow path led through the dense, damp wood, and then through a clearing to the village. Dufanda would always march ahead, his little body erect and his head gracefully poised in the air. When we reached the clearing his eyes took on a new luster, and shot quick, searching glances to right and left. Suddenly he would turn and say to me, as he held the Bible in outstretched hands, "*Kuata*" (Take), and as I took it he would dart aside, and, by a quick motion of his hand, catch a large grasshopper, tear off its wings, and deftly place it above his ear, and turn to me again and say, "*Mpe*" (Give), and, taking the Bible, would march on until he saw another "hopper," and go through the same performance. When both ears were filled he had a satisfactory tidbit for his dinner.

During the week we held daily school, and began to instruct the children in the mysteries of the alphabet. Once a week we took with us our medicine chest and healed the sick. In this way we slowly but surely won our way into their hearts.

How little we understood them in those days. How often we misjudged them. I remember one patient. He had been bitten by a leopard, and his scalp was laid open across his head from

ear to ear. We applied proper remedies and gave him nourishing food. We made a cap for his head, to keep out the dirt, gave him new clothes, and were kind to him in every way. When he was entirely recovered he came to the mission and said, " You have doctored me well ; my head is healed, my life is saved ; you have kindly given me a cap, clothing, and food. Now, here I am. You can care for me the rest of my days." At the time we thought it, to say the least, very " cheeky " of him. After learning their ways, however, we knew it was the highest expression of gratitude, for he meant, " I have no money to pay for so great a service. Here am I ; take me as your servant, and let me work for you the rest of my life."

But obstacles innumerable attended the missionaries at every point. Here in America, with a language rich in adjectives, we all know how hard it is to accurately convey the richness of the love and mercy and tenderness of God to dying men. How much more so, then, when we had to use a language of which we knew so little, and containing very few adjectives. Right here let me bear witness to the tender, loving ministration of the Holy Spirit to these people. Surely we spoke to them in another tongue, but they heard us in their own, and their hearts responded. Without His aid I know that the work of the missionaries would have been a colossal failure.

Then, too, sickness and death came to the little band. The deadly African fever lurked in every corner of each home. The grass roofs let in the rains as through a sieve, and the poor food and poorer clothing lent their aid in opening the doors of the body for the germs of this fever. Soon the band of missionaries was reduced from six to two. For a time my wife and I were left alone in the heart of Africa, ten thousand miles away from home and one thousand miles from the faintest touch of civilization. Insects swarmed in vast numbers ; flying roaches as large as humming-birds held nightly carnival in the houses, the white ants entered our dwellings to eat up all the woodwork as well as our clothing. A suit of clothes left hanging on the wall for a few days would look like a battle-flag after a series of wars. Our stockings, if left for one night on the clay floor, were of no further use. The books in our libraries were destroyed ; often round holes were eaten through them from cover to cover, and no matter how abstruse a book might be one could easily see

through it after a visit from these termites. The driver ants often drove us out of our dwellings. The working ant was attended by the soldiers. These latter were fully an inch long, and each one was armed with a pair of pincers with which he could nip a piece of flesh from the body as neatly as a conductor's punch perforates a ticket. They came in millions and always at night, and would carry off every bit of meat they could find. They always left early in the morning before the sun rose, and it was exceedingly interesting to watch their departure. Marching in perfect order, officered by their commanders, they turned neither to the right hand nor to the left, but traveled straight ahead in a stream fully six inches wide.

Each one of the working ants was loaded down, one with the wing of a cricket, one with a leg of a grasshopper, one with the back of a roach, and some with small pieces of the missionaries, and all very glad that fate had given them this opportunity to refurnish their larder. Leopards visited us at night and carried off our goats and chickens. Snakes six and a half feet long lurked in our pantries and under our beds. Once in a while a python ten to eighteen feet long would draw its mighty body, like a few lengths of animated stovepipe, over our mission grounds.

The government, inimical to Protestant missions, continually harassed the natives to acts of hostility. At one time we were ready to flee to the woods for fear of our lives. Our food and clothing were detained by government boats in the lower country until we were reduced to native food and compelled to make our clothing from trade cloth. Imagine a missionary wearing a pair of trousers made from a piece of striped calico, broad stripes of red and black and blue, his coat made from another piece, over which golden stars were profusely scattered. But the missionaries, upheld by a loving God, worked on.

Discouraged by the lack of interest on the part of the natives, wearied out by their fights with ignorance and superstition and filthiness, the missionaries were about to give up, and indeed the home committee thought seriously of withdrawing from the field, when one Sunday morning six natives were baptized into the church.

Nothing can ever efface from my memory the beauty of that day. The bright tropical sun shone down from a cloudless sky.

The gentle breezes wafted the perfume of wild flowers through the air. The beautiful fronds of the palm trees quivered with excitement and delight, and all nature seemed to feel the gloriousness of the morning. The little, rough clay church, with its thatched roof and rough benches, seemed a palace that day as the King of kings enlightened its walls as, in a special way, He visited us.

In front of the pulpit stood the little table, with the chalice and plates, the wine and the bread covered with whitest of linen. Around the table gathered the six natives who, less than a year before, had been heathens of the heathens—unkempt, dirty cruel, and wicked; fighting with each other and partaking of human flesh at their feasts—but who now were clothed and in their right minds and with a glow on their dusky faces wonderful to behold. Surely they had been "brought up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and their feet set upon a rock." Verily new songs were put in their mouths, for, instead of the senseless and oftentimes obscene songs of former times, they sang the song of Jesus and the Lamb, newly translated into their own language. No thought was present of sickness, nor loneliness, nor isolation, nor discouragement, but in place of it the hearts of the missionaries glowed with a new light and bounded and leaped for joy.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

ACTIVITY OF FRANCE IN WESTERN PART OF DARK CONTINENT.

The French colony of the Ivory Coast is attracting a good deal of attention, and interest is of a two-fold character—political and private or commercial. The political interest is due to the activity of France in West Africa, where she is establishing posts and building railways, and so acquiring a strategical position that is regarded by those who pay attention to these things as threatening British power there with extinction. The private or commercial interest is due to the reported discovery of gold in such quantities and formations that French writers have already named the Ivory Coast "the New Transvaal," and the British speculator is already to the fore with his sovereign "in the hand for two in the bush."

The Ivory Coast stretches in a fairly straight line for a distance of 341 miles along the northern shore of the Gulf of Guinea. Looked at on the map, it has the Republic of Liberia (the old Grain or Pepper Coast) on the left or west side, and the British colony of the Gold Coast on the right or east side. Inland it merges toward the north into the French Soudan, toward the northwest into French Guinea, and toward the northeast into Dahomey, which is also French. The course of the Cavally river was made its western boundary by an agreement with Liberia in 1894, and the course of the Tanoe river for a short distance from the sea was made its eastern boundary by agreement with Great Britain, signed at Paris on June 14, 1898, and ratified twelve months later.

The French claim to the Ivory Coast dates from 1842, when Admiral Fleuriot de Langle made a treaty with some of the native chiefs—notably with Amatifou, King of Krinjabo—whereby they placed themselves under French protection. The following year the French built Fort Assinie and Fort Nemours, in the vicinity of Grand Bassam, the capital, and so began to make their occupation "effective." In 1853 another fort was built further west, along the coast at Tabou. These forts were, however, worse than useless, for the natives were too peaceful to give any employment to the garrisons, and the soldiers, condemned to idleness, gave way to every kind of self-indulgence (which kills anywhere, but especially in West Africa). The high mortality thus invited brought such discredit upon the country that all thought of its development was abandoned. Interest in it, however, was revived through the stimulating discoveries (1887–'89) of the explorer, Colonel Binger, who is now governor general of French West Africa. These discoveries, besides showing the Ivory Coast to be fabulously rich in mineral and vegetable wealth, proved what was of perhaps greater importance in the eyes of the French government, with its aspirations for colonial expansion, namely, the practicability of linking up the Ivory Coast with the French Soudan and the other French West African possessions. Leading steps in this linking-up process were the occupation of Timbuctoo in 1894, the junction of the Ivory Coast with Senegal in 1896, the overthrow of the Soudanese chief, Samory, in 1898, and the junction of the Ivory Coast with French Guinea in 1899.

This last step—the junction of the Ivory Coast with French Guinea—is perhaps the most complete of all by reason of the excellent highway that connects the two colonies. In connection with this, we have to explain that on the confines of Liberia, in the bush of Tabou, dwell the Tepos, a warlike tribe, who early in 1899 exhibited hostility to French authority. French officers accordingly led their Senegalese troops against them, and were met by a fire from the Tepos, pieces of pot legs and of iron pots being used as bullets, and a French doctor and ten Senegalese were killed. To prevent the Tepos from following a custom attributed to them of eating their dead and buried foes, the French placed the slain Senegalese in a hut and set it on fire, thereby consuming the bodies. The Tepos defeated and Grabo, their capital, occupied, the French burned four of their larger towns, imposed a fine of fifty bullocks, and also condemned them to two months' hard labor in making a road round the back of Liberia. This is the highway leading to French Guinea, which is destined to play an important part in the opening up of the rich region of the Cavally.

The character of the Tepos as reflected in the foregoing is quite different from the character attributed by travelers and prospectors to the natives generally. Winwood Reade, a celebrated West African explorer, considered his treasure chest safer in the hands of the humblest Ivory Coast carrier than it would have been in England. Binger, too, found the natives not only honest, but also peaceful and inoffensive. True, they are superstitious. They believe, for instance, that the white man has an attraction for gold—that gold is drawn to him; consequently on approaching a mine they paint themselves white, so that the gold may not run away, as it is supposed to do from the black man. Sometimes, too, in escorting prospectors they have prepared for the journey by sacrificing dogs, pigs, goats, and fowls. The natives number about 2,000,000. Besides gold washing, their employments include fishing (at which they are very expert), basketmaking, matmaking, pottery making, rubber collecting, and palm-oil trading.

The coast tribes have a good smattering of English. Every white man is "John," and the generic name for food is "chop." This is easily accounted for when it is remembered that for over a century the bulk of the trade has been in English hands.—*Chambers Journal.*

A VISIT TO TUSKEGEE.

BY KELLY MILLER.

On first view of Tuskegee the visitor is apt to throw up his hands in exclamation. "What massive project! What buildings are these! What mighty works are done here!" Tuskegee cannot be described. It must be seen to be believed and felt. The visitor requires much reserve and self-restraint to suppress extravagant utterance. But when the first heat of hasty enthusiasm dies away one begins to reflect that Tuskegee is not merely, not even mainly, an institution; it is an idea, whose immediate and far-reaching effect upon the race problem demands the most careful and cautious reflection. It is true that the vast majority of the American people have focused their hope upon the Tuskegee idea as the sole beacon light amid the surrounding gloom. A careful and dispassionate analysis of all the facts and factors leads plainly to two conclusions: (1) the Tuskegee idea alone cannot solve the race problem, and (2) the race problem cannot be solved without the Tuskegee idea.

It is not, however, my purpose to discuss this famous institution, but the region around about it. I utilized every opportunity to study the surrounding country by making horseback and buggy trips along the several radii leading out of the town. When one speaks of Tuskegee, Booker T. Washington and his famous institution springs spontaneously to the mind. No thought is given to the town, whose Indian name suggests its ancient origin. Tuskegee is the capital of Macon county, which contains 4,000 white persons and 18,000 Negroes. It is the trade center for a large portion of the surrounding population. On Saturdays it is interesting to witness the incoming and outgoing streams of black and parti-colored humanity going for and bringing home their weekly allowance of provisions, sweetmeats, and trinkets. One may ride along the road for miles without meeting a white face. The town on Saturday is the social clearing-house, where everybody meets his friends and acquaintances and squares the social obligations of the week. There is little or no work done on Saturday in the vicinage of the town. The farmer quits the field and the mechanic his job

and hies himself to town, regardless of personal obligation or pecuniary cost. "No'n deed, I ain' goin' work terday. I'se goin' ter town, sure," is the bland and child-like reponse which meets the employer's earnest and persuasive appeal.

The town of Tuskegee is becoming more and more an incident of the school. The branch post-office at the institution does a larger bulk of business than the main office in town. The Tuskegee railroad has a total trackage of five miles, where it connects with the main line of the Western Alabama, which runs between Atlanta and Montgomery. The single passenger coach is divided into two compartments to accommodate the races. Here is a discrimination without a difference. The colored end of the car on the outgoing run becomes the white end on the home-bound trip. Frequently each compartment contains but a single passenger. The fare is ten cents a mile. A switch of more than a mile is being built, leading into the school grounds, in order to accommodate the immense volume of travel and traffic to which the institution gives rise.

Had it not been for the Tuskegee Institute the town of Tuskegee would scarcely be heard of beyond its immediate environs but Booker T. Washington has given it currency and fame equal to that of any other place in the South. The colored people are becoming more and more a factor in the industrial and business life of the town. A graduate of Tuskegee is one of the largest grocery dealers and owns and lives in the house of a former governor of Alabama. In general appearance of external surroundings the place is said to be in better condition than when owned by its more famous occupant.

A horseback ride through the country gives the owner a splendid opportunity to study prevailing conditions. The soil is generally thin and well exhausted. It almost makes the heart bleed to see those hard-working, honest, ignorant men wearing out soul and body upon a barren hillside which yielded up its virgin strength a half century ago and whose top soil has been washed away and can be restored only by another geologic epoch. The economic waste and destructive tendency of slavery and ignorant labor is seen throughout the whole South. Virgin forests were chased away, the top soil exhausted by a few forced crops, and the land washed into red gullies within a single decade. Within the past few years southern farmers have been resorting to the

process of terracing, which promises to arrest this lamentable destruction of soil.

The old plantation system round about Tuskegee is almost entirely broken up. The old colonial mansions, with their airy hallways and pillared porches, are rapidly falling into neglect and ruin. The vast majority of Negroes rent their farms, for which they pay an annual rental ranging from a fifth to a third of the market value of the land. It is difficult for them to buy in small tracts, as the owners do not care to have their estates broken up into such fragments. The renters have learned by long and bitter experience the impolicy of improving or beautifying the rented places. Such improvements of course make the land more attractive to other renters, and the landlord seizes upon them as an excuse for increasing the rental. One can tell at a glance the place of an owner from that of a tenant by the trees and flowers growing in the front yard and by the general neatness and convenience of the surroundings.

The traditional log cabin will soon be a thing of the past, and within a few years will be as extinct as the dodo or the anti-imperialist.

An interesting experiment is taking place in a settlement five or six miles to the west of Tuskegee. A land company, at the head of which is Mr. Robert C. Ogden, has purchased a tract of some four thousand acres, subdivided it into eighty-acre plats, and is selling to colored farmers on easy terms of payment. The company builds neat three and four room cottages, which both from appearance and convenience of arrangement are models of their kind. The local agent and manager is one of Mr. Washington's graduates, and the undertaking may be called an extension of the Tuskegee idea. This is perhaps the most wholesome and encouraging university extension movement in the South. The company operates a cotton gin, grist-mill, saw-mill, and a general store. The saw-mill is in full operation under colored workmen and management, and everything moves with a New England hum. The work is conducted with the skill, dispatch, and system of a Yankee enterprise.

The families are very large, the number of children ranging from eight to twelve. The agent informed me that any two families could furnish children enough to maintain a school. Death rate is the dreaded monster of the city Negro, but has no

terrors for the black belt. The company is about to build a central school-house for its three or four hundred children, and supply the requisite number of teachers and adequate equipment. This will be a consolidation of several local schools, and will hold sessions of seven or eight months. Although this enterprise has been in operation for only a short time, yet it bids fair to prove a success and to justify the double incentive of philanthropy and 5 per cent. The experiment is of vast significance. If it succeeds, we have a practicable, manageable method of introducing the light into darkest America.

It was my good fortune to have opportunity to study an interesting instance which points to the possibility of independent and unaided development. One fine morning, with a companion who was also interested in things sociological, I mounted a fine roadster. After we had gone some six or seven miles we began to look around for the great Alabama quencher of thirst, the luscious watermelon. We approached a newly built farm house with four rooms and separate kitchen. Beautiful flowers were growing in the front yard. Fruit trees had been newly planted. There was a good vegetable garden and pigs, chickens, and children were in plentiful evidence. A black man was plowing with a well-groomed mule, and the cotton, corn, and cane were as fine as any we had seen that morning. On asking if we might secure a watermelon a broad grin at once assured us of a glad welcome. "Yas; go up ter de house an' ax de ole 'oman. Dey's some good 'uns up dere." This he said and nothing more, but kept on diligently at his work, which seemed to absorb his whole soul. As we came to the house we were met by a black woman, barefooted and smoking a pipe. She reluctantly withdrew the pipe from her mouth, gave us seats in rocking chairs on the porch and in an incomprehensibly short time produced as fine a watermelon as will be grown in Alabama this year. While indulging in this luscious refreshment we began to ply questions to our black hostess. We found her to be a woman of remarkable intelligence as concerns the range of topics and interests with which she had to deal. She told us how she and her husband had toiled early and late to pay for 120 acres of as good land as there is in the neighborhood. This had been done while raising a family of eight children.

Last year, with the assistance of one tenant, they raised eigh-

teen bales of cotton, two hundred gallons of syrup, and a cribful of corn, of whose contents she was not certain, except that it was all they needed. They raised all their own truck and garden produce as well as hogs to furnish their meat. They never run a bill at any store, but sometimes borrow money to supply their tenant. For the use of this money they pay 12½ per cent. interest. This unlettered black woman (she was not ignorant) knew the probable yield of cotton per acre as well as its selling price, the value of land in the community, and, in short, could give intelligent and adequate answers to all our questions. She was as proud of her possessions as a little boy of a pair of red-top boots. They had over and over again refused $1,500 for their holdings. She informed us: "I wurks awful hard, but I don' mine, kase I sees what I'se workin' fur." In this one sentence, uttered by this untutored African woman, lies the whole of the philosophy and the ethics of the labor problem. The only way to stimulate and inspire the man with the hoe is to imbue him with a hope.

These people are getting ready to send their two oldest children to Tuskegee. It has seldom been my good fortune to see a man so thoroughly in love with his work. On asking if he attended the farmers' conferences at Tuskegee he replied: "No, dey's bin arter me to come; but dey kin only show you how to wurk an' save and have somethin'; I'se done larned dat. Tain' no use fer me ter 'ten'." When I commented upon his great industry and love for work, he responded: "You see, I don' no nuthin' else; a man orter do whut he no', orter'n he?" Of a truth there is much philosophy on an Alabama plantation.

Here is a poor unlettered man, with an equally ignorant spouse, who, without outside help or guidance, has by dint of his own industry dug $1,500 out of the thin and sandy soil of Alabama. He has an independent spirit and knows of the zest of ownership. He can read his title clear, if not to mansions in the sky, at least to Alabama real estate, which is more tangible and assuring. He is not personally oppressed. Perhaps he does not see a white man once a week. And yet he feels deep down in his bones the wrongs and cruelties heaped upon his race. This is a type case of what is taking place in thousands of instances throughout the black belt. Have we not here a most hopeful and encouraging indication?

It would be a crime to induce such a man to move to the city, where he could only dig in a sewer and live in an alley, thus crushing both body and spirit. But would his children not stand a better chance for education and general betterment? Let us see. The great leaders of the Negro race, from Fed. Douglass to Booker Washington, have come from the log cabin. How many have come from the city alley?—*The Evening Star.*

ITEMS.

History of the Encyclopædia Britannica.—Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, chief editor of the supplement to the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, gave a dinner on Friday, November 21, at the Hotel Cecil, "to meet the editors and contributors to the Encyclopædia." There was a most distinguished company, which completely filled the grand hall. Sir Donald in the course of his speech narrated the history of the Britannica as follows:

"If there is any one person who wishes to know something of the history of our undertaking he will find much to enlighten him in the work itself, under the word Encyclopædia, and in other articles. He may perhaps feel discouraged at not finding all the required information in one place, but if he will only exercise a little patience we shall come to his assistance, for we are at this moment preparing an elaborate index of the entire work—I mean the 35 volumes—which will form the last volume of the series and contain something like 600,000 references. By using this index, without necessarily learning it by heart, the seeker after truth will be able to find without difficulty anything he may want in our vast storehouse of useful information. It will be published, I hope, early in February, so that the entire collection of the 11 new volumes will have been given to the world in less than 14 months—a result which must be regarded as satisfactory when we remember that the publication of the 24 volumes of the ninth edition extended over a period of 14 years! And here I may mention parenthetically another kind of progress which we have made. By an ingenious method of subscription the work has been brought within the reach of very moderate incomes, and has thus become much more useful as an instrument of national education—a fact which I am sure my noble friend, Lord Londonderry, appreciates. I know one happy possessor of the work who was when he made the investment a shunter in the service of the Great Western railway on the modest salary of 35 shillings a week.

"To return to the inquisitive person who wishes to know about the history of the Encyclopædia. If the work itself and the index do not

suffice for him, he may, with the permission of the publishers, look into a pile of raw material which they have recently collected. During the last few days I have been burrowing in this pile and have found, like Tannhauser in the subterranean excursion, a charming society down below, though the charm is of a different, and I might say of a more proper kind—I mean more suited to what you must charitably suppose to be the tastes of an encyclopædist. It may seem, therefore, that I ought to have compared myself to Dante rather than to Tannhauser; but I shrink from such a simile when I remember that the interesting nether world which the great Italian visited was the Inferno, to which I certainly do not wish to relegate any of my colleagues, past or present. Without giving, therefore, a specific name to the place of meeting, I may say that I met there the shades of many illustrious contributors whose names still shine brightly in the national literary firmament. I conversed, for instance, with Sir Walter Scott, Lords Jeffrey and Cockburn, and the other members of the original group of Edinburgh Reviewers, who cultivated assiduously their convivial as well as their intellectual faculties. I met, too, the grave philosopher, Dugald Stewart; the dignified Sir James Mackintosh, whose celebrated "Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy," written for the seventh edition of the Britannica, can still be read with interest and profit; also Hazlitt, Malthus, Ricardo, James Mill, Sir John Herschel, Sir David Brewster, Robert Stephenson, Huxley, Laurence Oliphant, and a host of other worthies too numerous to mention; and in my communings with these shades of the mighty dead I came upon a number of facts which might be utilized by some future writer on the Curiosities of Literature. I learned, for example, that Sir Walter Scott consented to write some articles only on condition that there should be no remuneration; but the editor finally overcame his scruples, When the Magician of the North learned that the money would come out of the pocket, not of a literary brother, but of the publisher, he accepted a hundred pounds with the remark that he had trees to plant and no conscience with regard to the purse of his fat friend, Mr. Constable. In the same spirit of disinterestedness, Macaulay, in consenting to write some articles, expressly stipulated that remuneration should not be so much as mentioned, and all the blandishments of the editor and the publishers failed to overcome his scruples.

"If there happens to be a cynic amongst us he may feel inclined to cite the old Latin maxim about *tempora mutantur*, but I can retort with a vernacular maxim which is equally true, that human nature is always essentially the same. Let me give an illustration. Among the contributors of these latter days the stoical disinterestedness of Macaulay has reappeared. My scientific colleagues would probably call it a curious case of atavism. Yes, gentlemen, there is one eminent contributor, and I think I see him here tonight, who made the Macaulayan condition and who stuck to it. I preached to him what I venture to think was an eloquent and powerful discourse on the text that the laborer is worthy

of his hire. But all in vain! He remained and remains to this hour an obdurate sinner. I shall not mention his name, because if this literary peculiarity of his became too widely known he might be importuned by a certain class of publishers who do not insist on the rigid application of the text which I have just quoted. Still, as a graceful concession to my cynical friend, I am ready to admit that, in comparing the present with the past ages as reflected in these historical materials, the times have changed in some respects, and sometimes, I may add, for the better. Let me cite one fact by way of illustration. A contributor of one of the earlier editions, who declares that he was in the habit of working from 12 to 14 hours a day, and that he always wrote in the interests of religion, morality, and pious Christian education, appears to have done a considerable portion of his work in a debtors' prison, an institution with which, I trust, no contributor to the present edition has any personal acquaintance. The irrepressible cynic may, perhaps, suggest that this is due, not to the diminution of reckless improvidence in the Bohemian world, but simply to a beneficent change in legislation. The suggestion opens up a fascinating topic of discussion; but in the presence of my noble and learned friend, the Lord Chancellor, it would be gross presumption in me to enter on any question in which legislation is involved."—*The London Times.*

Mr. Balfour at the Guild Hall.—The Lord Mayor's banquet took place at the Guild Hall, and was attended by a large and distinguished company of guests, including several members of the ministry. The toast of "His Majesty's Ministers" was proposed by the Lord Mayor. Mr. Balfour, who was received with prolonged cheers, in response said:

"My Lord Mayor, my lords, ladies and gentleman: I hope you will allow me to begin the few observations I have to make this evening by thanking the Lord Mayor for the remarks he made about my predecessor in office. I feel sure that there is no man of the many present who have often heard Lord Salisbury speak on occasions like this who does not share the regret which the Lord Mayor has expressed that he no longer can occupy the place which it is my fortune or misfortune to fill, and who does not share with the Lord Mayor all the feelings to which he has given expression on the present occasion. * * *

"Of all the happy intuitions which have made Mr. Chamberlain's administration of the Colonial Office the greatest, and by far the greatest, in British history, I am not sure that any has been happier than the notion, the policy, of his going out in person, and, as representing his Majesty's Government, seeing with his own eyes, and hearing with his own ears, and judging on the spot of all the many problems with which we in this country are concerned. No man knows better than the man whose life has been spent in heavy official work how poor a medium of communication is the official dispatch, or even the private letter—how a single half-hour spent face to face in intimate conversation will do more

than a thousand communications sent by post, and how invaluable it is that the ideal phantom of Downing street, which haunts the colonial imagination, should take shape and body, and should come face to face with the colonies themselves; so that they can see that they are dealing with no half-animated monster, deaf to any appeal made through the lifeless instrumentality of ink and paper, and that they should know that the mother country has sent out the ablest of her sons to deal personally with the problem in which the mother country and her colonies are alike interested. My interest in this policy is not an interest confined to the present moment, interesting, vital, and important as the present moment may be. I regard it as a precedent.

"We have seen what good came to the Empire from the visit of the Colonial Prime Ministers to these shores. We have seen how much can be gained for our common interests by personal intercourse between the ministers of these great self-governing colonies and the ministers of the mother country. Let us never forget the lesson. Let us lay it down that this visit of the greatest of the Colonial Ministers to our colonies is only to be the first of a long succession of such visits, and that the personal element may never again be allowed to escape from our colonial policy. After all, I suppose most of us cherish—I will not say the dream—most of us cherish the hope that, if not in our time, yet at no distant date, there will be not merely the legal and sentimental ties joining us to our great dependencies, but that something in the nature of a constitutional union may be discovered which will enable us to conduct together affairs of common interest. But I do not conceal from myself that that hope, that ideal, is not ripe for turning into practical effect, and that he would be a rash statesman who, at the present time and in existing circumstances would attempt any task so gigantic. Short of that we may perhaps hope for some closer fiscal union with our colonies. But whether that be possible or not, at all events we can attain, and we can complete or carry to greater perfection, that personal intercourse which has borne such admirable fruit in the recent visit, and which I am well convinced under the precedent which the Colonial Secretary is about to set will bear even greater fruit in the not-distant future. You will gather from what I have said that, little as I am disposed to underrate the importance and gravity of the South African problem or of the colonial problems in general, I look at them both with hopeful eyes, and that I anticipate no insuperable difficulties in introducing into the whole British Empire that happy spirit of liberty and of patriotism which now so eminently distinguishes Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and our other great dependencies."—*The London Times.*

Black Man and Doctor Training West African Natives at Liverpool.—The authorities of Liverpool University College, in conjunction with Mr. A. L. Jones (of the Elder-Dempster line), have decided to start what may be called a Black Man's Medical School in Liverpool. Stu-

dents are to receive a course of instruction in medicine at the college classes for three years, and in the meantime they will be boarded and lodged at a residence in Parliament street, Liverpool, which has been secured by Mr. Alfred L. Jones, who, it is no secret, has practically undertaken to bear the entire cost of the scheme for forty black students. The course will begin shortly with five students; the others can easily be got, the difficulty being one not of supply, but of selection, for Quashee is showing what is at once the most pathetic and the most promising eagerness to rise above his native ignorance and become civilized by European methods.

The instructor will be Major Ronald Ross, and while the course will embrace the complete medical curriculum, a special feature of it will be instruction in tropical medicine, so that the natives, when they go back to West Africa, can take up the work that the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine has begun of stamping out the unhealthy conditions of life which have given West Africa, or portions of it, the name of the "White Man's Grave." It is calculated that the mortality in West Africa is nine times that of the average of Great Britain and Ireland. The Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine has had its finger on what it believes to be the chief cause of the mortality, namely, the malarial mosquito, which first imbibes the germs of disease, which it finds in abundance among the swamps of the West African coast, and innoculates its victims with them, and no fewer than five medical expeditions have from time to time been dispatched from Liverpool to extirpate the pest by means of an improved system of sanitation in the native town.

But the very fact that these expeditions have had to be so often renewed shows that they have not done their work effectually, and no agency can do it effectually which is not permanently on the spot. These black students whom University College is therefore to instruct will take up the work of the expeditions as soon as they are qualified to do so, and will, besides, establish themselves among their own kith and kin, in place of the medicine man, and seek to cure by medical and surgical science the ills to which blacks, as well as whites, are subject, and which the tribal "medicine man" tries to cure at present by charms and human sacrifices. A great work will thereby be done both to preserve human life, to relieve physical suffering, and to drive out the superstition which may be said to have its last stronghold in the hinterlands of West Africa.

The civilizing process now going on in West Africa is more than skin deep, and there is no doubt it will be greatly helped and made still more permanent by the decision of the Liverpool University College to train West Africans for the medical profession. Though the college is authorized to grant medical certificates, it is understood that none of the students who qualify will practice in England. They intend to return to West Africa as soon as the course is over, and no doubt the constant succession of black doctors turned out by the college will do much to make West Africa healthier, both to white settlers and to the natives.—*Manchester Daily Dispatch.*

TRADE AND INDUSTRY IN LIBERIA.—The *Board of Trade Journal*, London, quotes from the *Moniteur Official du Commerce* as follows:

"The presence in Liberia of a considerable number of people who live after a European fashion is sufficient to account for certain features in the import trade. The Liberians have, in fact, in some cases developed requirements and tastes similar to those of Europeans—at least as regards houses, furniture, and articles of dress—and all these tastes and requirements necessitate a considerable importation. At one time the Liberian would simply pay in so many bags of coffee for any article (clocks, bronzes, carpets, chairs, or even harmoniums) which took his fancy. Now, however, coffee can be bought at Monrovia for about three cents per pound, and the Liberian planters cannot so easily purchase any 'article de luxe' they may desire. Another reason besides the fall in coffee is the system of 'ports of entry.' The Liberian Government, with the object of fostering national trade, restricts the trade of foreigners to these so-called 'ports of entry' and grants to Liberians alone the right of establishing factories in the interior of the country, and so placing the native produce on the market. The insecurity of the trade routes, the hostilities between the various tribes, have had the effect of decreasing to a minimum the number of caravans coming to the ports of entry from the interior. The result is that European commerce has lost and Liberian commerce has not gained by this prohibitive system. Another law, which forbids foreigners—*i. e.*, white people—from owning land, acts also very unfavorably on foreign trade. The land is let on long leases, with option of renewal; but a general sense of insecurity is the result of the system, for the owner of the land can always refuse an extension of lease; and the Government can also, under some pretext of public utility, buy the land and expel the tenant.

"Imports into Liberia may be divided into three groups of articles, viz., those solely for the use of the civilized inhabitants, those used by Liberians and natives, and those imported exclusively for natives. In the first category ready-made clothes, shoes, felt and straw hats, corsets, cravats, shirts, hosiery, etc., hold the largest place. Among other articles of imports are lamps, clocks, watches, sewing machines, musical instruments (harmoniums, accordions, musical boxes), and even phonographs. The imports of furniture and household utensils are much less than the imports of these articles a few years ago. In the second category are included preserves and alimentary products—bacon, ham, rice, flour, cod, salted fish, preserved provisions, preserved fruits, biscuits, leaf tobacco, gunpowder, guns of all sorts, machetes, and other kinds of knives and swords, wax candles, petroleum, matches, gin, rum, ginger ale, cheap champagnes, sweet wine, soap, washing blue, potash, umbrellas and parasols, hoes, spades and pickaxes, buckets, enameled-iron plates, cast-iron plates, copper plates, crockery, etc. The articles imported for the use of the natives are cotton cloths, white and colored; silk handkerchiefs, velvet caps, rugs, coral, cornelian and glass pearls, knives, iron

trunks, etc. Germany holds the first place in imports and England the second, though it must be noted that a large proportion of the imports from England are of American origin, notably medicines, rice, flour, preserved fruits, leaf tobacco, and petroleum.

"The principal export, as regards quantity, is coffee, sent chiefly to Liverpool. Caoutchouc from the 'bind weed' and various trees found on the west coast has a tendency to take the first place. Caoutchouc is found in all the districts of Liberia. An English firm has a monopoly of the export. Rafia has also become an important article of export. It is used for making brooms, brushes, and binding for gardeners. Palm oil and palm seeds are also important articles of export."

The General Election in Liberia.—The general election in Liberia, which takes place biennially, occurred on Tuesday, the 5th instant, when the President, Vice-president, and members of the House of Representatives were elected for the term of two years. The Senators elected on such an occasion serve for four years. There are eight Senators, two from each county of the Republic. Four retire every two years who are either reëlected or others elected in their places.

As far as we have heard from the election returns, mainly from Monrovia and the neighboring precincts, the Hon. Arthur Barclay, Secretary of the Treasury, has been elected President. Mr. Barclay is a native of Barbadoes, and was brought to the Republic by his parents in 1865, when about ten years of age. He was educated in Liberia College, and served as principal of the preparatory department and professor of mathematics. He is now professor of law. He has also had long experience in the service of the Government, and as Secretary of the Treasury he managed the finances of the country with admirable ability. If he is well supported by the officers immediately around him the probability is that he will open a career before Liberia by which her financial, commercial, and industrial resources will be largely developed.

A great drawback to the success of the Government of Liberia is the brevity of the administrative term. Experience has shown that it is impossible to have a continuity of policy under such circumstances. It has been for several years the strong desire of the leading men of the intelligent portion of the community to amend the Constitution so as to lengthen the term of office to four or even eight years. But the jealousies of political partisanship have so far prevented the realization of this patriotic desire.

As outsiders we have for many years watched with the deepest interest the course of affairs in Liberia, and we have often thought that an amendment of the Constitution lengthening the term of the presidential office was one of the greatest *desiderata* of the Republic. It may be that Mr. Barclay, introducing new blood into the political history of the country, may be able with his friends and supporters to bring about this desirable change.

Mr. Barclay will succeed in the Presidency the Hon. Garretson Walter Gibson, who served the State previous to his election to the Presidency for more than fifteen years as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and under whom Dr. Blyden was three times sent to represent Liberia at the Court of St. James as minister plenipotentiary. Mr. Gibson has also been twice President of the Liberia College and will no doubt in his retirement be a valuable adviser to the Government and people of Liberia.—*Sierra Leone Weekly News.*

The Problem of Black and White in the United States, by Our Washington Correspondent.—It is agreed by all intelligent Americans that the United States stands upon the threshold of a great race struggle—a struggle as full of racial bitterness as any that ever convulsed a country. We have had the race question with us since the civil war and before that time, but it has remained for a member of the Cabinet of Theodore Roosevelt to proclaim in a public speech that the work of Abraham Lincoln in putting the ballot into the hand of the black man is a failure. That statement was made by Mr. Root, the Secretary of War, at a recent speech before the Union League Club in New York. He simply proclaimed the fact that the experiment was a failure; that the country still has the problem of what to do with its enormous Negro population on its hands absolutely unsolved, and stopped ominously. Not a word of suggestion as to the solution of the problem did the Secretary offer, and no word of suggestion along that line has come in the great flood of discussion that has swept over the country east and west, north and south, since the Secretary of War made that remarkable confession.

It is probably impossible for Europeans even faintly to understand the enormity of the race problem in the United States. It is but a few years back when the great North, with its wealth, was considered to be the friend of the black man. But the black man then lived almost exclusively in the South. Today he has spread all over the North. He is poor, sullen, insolent, treacherous, and these characteristics are developing in him—are being forced to develop in him—on account of the treatment that he gets at the hands of the people who made him free, put the ballot into his hands, and raised him to the political equality of the white man. Socially and politically he is being slowly cast out from among the people of this country, North and South, and, worse than that, in the North, where the labor unions are well organized, he is permitted to labor at none of the better kinds of work. He is permitted to be a railway or hotel porter, a street sweeper or a ditch-digger. Beyond these things he must not aspire in the land of his professed friends.

That is the situation in the North. Hatred of the colored man is stronger than in the South. And in the South, where the colored population is increasing rapidly, where the white people stand in constant dread of an uprising of the blacks, the situation is well nigh the place

where desperate things are done by whole communities instead of by individuals. The black man in many of the Southern States greatly outnumbers the white. He demands political rights. He demands the ballot that is guaranteed to him by the Constitution of the United States. He demands a certain amount of social equality. He gets nothing, and the time seems fast approaching when he will take by force what he considers to be his right under the Government of the United States.

The fuss that is heard about appointments of Negroes to office by President Roosevelt is but the result of the growing racial feeling in the country. Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, all appointed colored men to office in the South, and nothing was heard about it. McKinley appointed twice as many of them as Roosevelt has, and not a word of protest was heard. That is how fast the race question is growing in the United States. Booker Washington, the Negro educator and the one conspicuously able member of the race in the whole United States, called frequently at the White House when McKinley was there three years ago. The calls brought forth no comment. He calls upon Roosevelt three years later and the country rings with indignation. Two short years ago the colored office-holders were in Washington, were present at the great receptions of President McKinley, and mingled there modestly with the people of North and South. Nobody cared. Two weeks ago the same office-holders were at a White House reception, and dozens of men and women left the place in great wrath. That marks the growth of the race question. Its solution is the most stupendous task that confronts the people of the United States today. It is not ten days since a colored orator advised a gathering of one thousand black men in the city of Washington to take up the torch to get their rights. Speeches of this sort are being made throughout the South. That shows how the black man feels about the business.—*Morning Leader, Lagos Weekly Record.*

Professor Camphor.—By the steamship *Egwanga*, which arrived in port from Monrovia on Sunday last, 1st instant, Dr. A. P. Camphor, president of the College of West Africa in Monrovia, was a passenger for Sierra Leone. Dr. Camphor is an American Negro of pure blood. Although he has been residing in Liberia now for the past six years and has passed and repassed this city, yet he has never had the opportunity of an extended visit. Coming this time on special business, he has had the chance of seeing something of Freetown and the Sierra Leonean in his own home, and he has informed us that he has been much impressed with what he has seen.

Dr. Camphor believes in the advancement of Liberia, but thinks new methods are necessary towards this end. The election of a new President is being much discussed in the Republic just now, and the names of two candidates, it is said, will be brought before the public. Liberia

is a rich country, which if supported by outside influence and capital is bound to rise. It is this belief that buoys up the spirit of the Doctor in his somewhat difficult work in that Republic.

Dr. Camphor had several interviews with Dr. Blyden, with whom he spent much time discussing several important matters.

Besides being the president of the college, Dr. Camphor is the literary and managing editor of one of the most interesting publications in Liberia, called *The New Africa*. This publication is being edited with success. It is thirty-six pages large, demy octavo, and is published every month. The subscription is about six shillings and sixpence per annum. It will be remembered that *The New Africa* is the journal to which Miss Kingsley addressed her last published and most striking letter, written on board the steamship *Moor* in the bay of Biscay, when the lamented writer was on her fatal voyage to South Africa. The current number discusses a variety of subjects, some of which are of first importance. Dr. Camphor manages also a large printing office, in which work is executed in thoroughly up-to-date style. In his office are printed four newspapers besides his own.

Among other points of interest gleaned from the Doctor was the fact of the arrival in the Republic of fifty-six immigrants from the United States, who landed there recently and have found a home in Cheesemanville. They have brought their own preacher and teacher, and they anticipate success as agriculturists, etc., in the future. Dr. Camphor leaves today in the steamship *Bonny* on his return to Monrovia. During his visit he took the opportunity of paying his respects to his excellency Sir Charles King-Harman at Government House, accompanied by the consul for Liberia, who introduced him to His Excellency. Sir Charles, who received the Doctor pleasantly, was much interested in the conversation on Liberia. We wish Professor Camphor *bon voyage* and trust he will find time to repeat his visit.—*Sierra Leone Weekly News.*

North and South on the Negro Problem.—Nothing, it would seem, could serve a better purpose in the way of bringing the people of the North into a better comprehension of the real status of the Negro in the South and show them conditions as they are than the southern conference for education in the South which has just concluded its sessions at Richmond, Va., under the patronage of Mr. Robert C. Ogden. We cannot but believe that many of our northern brethren returned with information that they did not previously have, and which gave them a basis for a more enlightened judgment than they have exercised. The difficulties in the way of solving the Negro problem are many and great, and it is cause for hearty satisfaction that Northerners and Southerners are getting together over this matter. We judge that the decision of the Supreme Court in the Alabama case was not in the possession of the conference when it adjourned. But all the same, it comes with all its sig-

nificance to stir the minds of the thoughtful and to show that in settling this matter the best and most practical wisdom is required, and that doctrinairism counts for nothing. There has been altogether too much of this article in evidence here at the North.—*The Christian Work and the Evangelist.*

The System of Human Pawns.—The system of pawning or giving persons as pledges or security for money lent is a development of the slave trade and one of the obnoxious features of the slave system which must disappear with the system. The introduction of the question at the native council and the emphasis accorded the matter by the governor may be taken as an indication of the intention on the part of the authorities to put an end to a practice which is perhaps less defensible than the slave trade itself; for whereas in the case of the latter it is the outsider who catches, kidnaps, and sells, in the case of pawning, it is the parents or relatives who take their children and relations and hand them over as pledges for money borrowed. It is unnecessary to dilate upon the iniquity of a system which violates the most sacred ties that bind man to man, further than to say that we have in it an exemplification of the depravity wrought by the accursed slave trade introduced into Africa from Europe and Asia. The pawning system as practiced is usually this: A parent or relative who desires to raise a loan of money goes to the borrower and arranges for the loan by offering a person, usually a child, as security. The money having been received, the person pledged is handed over to the borrower and has to work for him until the loan is repaid. The person thus pledged receives no remuneration of any kind for his labor, while care is taken that the clothing with which he is provided is of the scantiest description, his labor being regarded and reckoned as interest on the money lent. The worst feature of the system is that the loan is very seldom repaid unless after the lapse of many years, and in the majority of cases the person pawned or pledged, if a male, has to redeem himself, and if a female the redemption has to be effected by the man who desires to marry the girl after she has come of age. In the latter case the girl is deprived of the advantage of laying by her earnings for her marriage to provide a sort of capital for her wherewith to start life, an advantage greatly prized by the native, and instead loses every benefit which her early life might have insured to her, having been compelled to labor for her pawn master from early age, her only remuneration being the proverbial slave cloth.

In the case of a male pawn, he, too, is required to give his labor unrequited for years, until good fortune chances to throw remunerative work of some sort in his way by which he is enabled to pay off his pawn debt. The system is aptly illustrated in the case of an Efon man who, according to his story related to us, said that he had been pawned for the sum of thirty shillings; that he worked for seven years in respect to this pawn sum without being able to liquidate the debt. He was induced by

a friend to run away from his master and come to Lagos to work; here after some months he earned and saved fourteen pounds, with which he returned home, paid off his pawn debt, and released several of his relatives who, like himself, had been pawned for money. It will thus be seen that the system has nothing to commend it, while it outrages every humane feeling and principle. That such a system has been able to survive the severe death-blow dealt to slavery is due to the majority of the victims of the system being young children, and who are unable to make any effort to release themselves from the slave condition in which they are placed, and it is because the pawn system is mostly, if not wholly, confined to children that it continues to be carried on so generally, both in the colony and protectorate. We hardly think that any one can be found who would defend a system which it only needs to bring home to oneself in order to its outrageousness being realized. The greatest and most important change wrought by European interference is the abolition of the slave system and the establishing of a new order of things on the basis of the healthful condition of freedom and liberty to all, and it would be indeed a sad miscarriage of this good purpose if the benefit of the liberty so ensured should be denied to helpless children.—*The Lagos Weekly Record.*

The Future of Liberia.—The future of Liberia is a subject which interests all who are themselves interested in West Africa. The results arising from the creation of this Negro State have not been such as its initiators imagined. The fact that disappointment has been engendered does not in the least shake our views as to the capacity of the native for self-government. From the first the Liberians have been terribly handicapped by the want of funds, but it may be doubted whether the conditions under which the Republic was constituted did not in themselves render the success of the experiment more than doubtful. Negro government in West Africa on European lines always strikes us as an impossible anomaly, because it cannot, in the nature of things, contain the best elements either of European or Negro culture. It can only be a hybrid growth, and hybrids are not usually fertile. We should only be too happy to be proved wrong, and we willingly admit both that the Liberians have really never had a fair chance, and that there are Liberians who are living examples of what the Negro who has grasped the best of European civilization and yet remained Negro in heart and in patriotism can attain to.

The weak point about the capacity of Liberia to rise to the level expected of her appears to us to consist in the fact that the Liberians as a body have been bred up on European missionary teaching. This ingrained *cultus* has led and must—so far as our judgment goes—continue to lead the Liberians to look upon the natives of that portion of West Africa which international treaties have assigned to the Negro Republic with a sort of pitying contempt. "Our poor benighted brothers" is a

common expression applied in Liberian newspapers to the natives of the interior. And if there is anything certain in West African politics it is this, that the native who has not come beneath the influence of European civilization, and has preserved his native institutions unimpaired, regards his Europeanized brother with distaste and aversion, often amounting to positive hatred. Examples can be given by the score in substantiation of these views. Liberia herself offers perhaps the most striking one, in the utter inability of the governing element to establish amicable relations with the Krus, who form a large portion of the coastwise aboriginal population. There has been only too much justification for the jeers of negrophobes, with the sight provided by gunboats, manned by Europeanized natives, bombarding Kru villages. Just at present the fever of "development" in West Africa is invading Liberia, and sundry schemes are on foot to attract capital into the country and take labor out of it. That to expand Liberia requires capital is obvious, and that capital will not be forthcoming to any large extent until the Liberians are prepared to give greater security to capitalists by the adoption of a more liberal commercial policy is equally true. There seems to be a disposition on the part of Liberian statesmen to recognize this.

The problem before the few enlightened men in the country is difficult. On the one hand, they not unnaturally desire an influx of European enterprise, which will provide more revenue and inaugurate an era of prosperity, while on the other hand they cannot be blind to the political dangers which an increase of European interests in the Republic will bring about. Liberia's greatest safeguard to continued independence is, perhaps, the mutual jealousy of the European powers in West Africa, all of whom covet the richness of her soil and the labor market situated within her sphere, and covet them so greatly that they may be trusted to keep a sharp lookout that one or the other of them shall not secure advantages denied to the rest. A master mind might find in these mutual rivalries the best incentive to the consolidation of the State. Can Liberia produce such an one? In any case the Republic, as we read the times, stands at the parting of the ways. She cannot maintain her old restrictive policy much longer, and the advent of European enterprise within her territories on a large scale can only end in one of two ways—salvation or ruin to the Republic.—*West Africa.*

To What Are We Drifting?—Sir Henry McCallum was often heard to say that on assuming the administration of the colony he found the policy pursued had been purely one of drift. He did a great deal himself to checkmate this policy, and he succeeded in impressing every one that in the administration of public affairs he was animated by a disinterested endeavor to shape the policy of the Government with a view to a clearly defined goal. He had not time to carry out all his purposes, but he had time enough to impress everybody with the weight and

prestige which he imparted to the direction of local administration. Everybody felt that the Government was doing something, and that that something was for the good of the colony. But the times show that the Ship of State has slipped off her moorings and is again cut adrift. It does not require the eye of the keen observer to discern to what extent things have become disarranged and are in disarray both in departmental and public administration. Indeed, it would seem that we had drifted from the just administration of public government to the partial and benevolent management of a family concern. But even a family has its natural and factitious limitations, and not every human being, even though of the same kinship, is included in the brotherhood. It is therefore not surprising if our present governmental family concern embraces only the favored and the conformable kinsmen. Justice has little play in the family circle. It is affection that rules in the domestic precincts. Striking evidence of this exists in the many and varied recent appointments to important public offices, and which have struck the public with mute astonishment and hopeless wonder.

Efficiency, capacity, and a long record of service are all ignored in order that place should be made for some favored child. It is a trite remark, but nevertheless a truism, to say that such arrangements are not helpful, either to the administration or to the public. It is a wise administration that elects to place itself in the position to hear all sides of any question that may come up for consideration, but an administration which surrounds itself with only creatures of its own making is deprived of this splendid opportunity for good government. A government is not a private concern. It is a solemn trust for the advancement of justice and the good of the people, and a worthy administrator will not for self-will or caprice risk such a great achievement for the temporary satisfaction of realizing personal aims. These are of the moment momentary, but right and justice are enduring rewards. In all that we have said we have been referring to the bearing of the present policy on selections for the most important appointments in the public service. These are not bestowed on natives, and the native has no place whatever in the family circle. He is a total outsider and is noticed only when he is brought up for judgment. For him the rod of correction is always held up, either in terror or in punishment. Thus it is that, either in the display of domestic affection, the exercise of parental caprice, the pursuit of personal ends, or the severity of the jailer, the real ends and purposes of government have been overlooked, the affairs of the country have been cut adrift, and the result is widespread dissatisfaction and loss of confidence among white and black alike, both here and in the hinterland.—*The Lagos Weekly Record.*

Liberia and Its Future.—In an article from the pen of M. Paul Dreyfus in "L'Economiste Francais," the future of the African Republic of Liberia is dealt with in an interesting manner. Of late years more and

more attention has been directed to West Africa and to the commercia- and industrial possibilities of Liberia. This Republic is governed by natives repatriated for the most part from the United States, and its legislation, as well as the character of inhabitants, is somewhat antagonistic to Europeans and European trade; but it will in the near future be impossible for Liberia to avoid close contact with foreign capital and foreign manufactures, in view of the many European establishments already scattered throughout the neighboring regions.

Information as to the economic condition of Liberia is by no means easy to obtain, inasmuch as no official statistics exist. A sort of quarterly return of trade with the interior is drawn up by the Liberian customs and transmitted to the treasury; but the latter department does not communicate these documents to the representatives of foreign powers. The ports open to foreigners are Cape Mount (Robertsport), Monrovia, Junk river (Marshall), Grand Bassa (Buchanan), Edina river (Grand Cestos), Sinoe (Greenville), Setta Kroo, Harper, and Cavally. No foreigner is allowed to become resident in the interior of the country, but there is a "reform party" in the Liberian Congress, and it is believed that considerable modifications in the present legislation as to foreigners will shortly be proposed. There is no staple industry in Liberia and agriculture is in a very primitive stage. There are, however, great possibilities for agriculture, if the legislature admitted the employment of foreign capital in the country. Water is everywhere found in abundance in the Republic, and nearly all tropical products can be cultivated most advantageously. Liberian coffee is excellent, having a much appreciative flavor which cannot be found elsewhere. The present price of coffee is 9d. to 10d. per English pound. The coffee plant grows in a wild state in the forest lands between the Mámel river and Cape Palmas, and in the interior as far as the Mandique plateau. The coffee plant commences to produce in the fourth year of its growth, but it would be necessary to improve the present method of decortication or barking which does not present the berry in a very advantageous manner. Ginger, too, grows well, and palm trees are extremely abundant, especially in the Cape Palmas district (hence the name). Cotton also grows easily, but its culture is neglected. Arrowroot is also a product which can be grown with profit in Liberia. Cocoa is grown, but only to a small extent. Maize, pepper, rice, yams, tapioca, orange trees, lemons, bananas, and guavas grow abundantly. The forests contain plenty of mahogany, yellow wood, gum trees, and camwood. There are numerous India rubber trees, but the Liberian rubber syndicate has obtained a monopoly of the rubber concessions in Liberia.

It is believed that there are rich gold veins in the Republic and also extensive coal fields, but so far none of these have been prospected. England exports to the country tissues, salts, soap, beer, salt beef, rice, whisky, condensed milk, potted meats, galvanized iron, tin, made-up articles, vinegar, biscuit, &c. Germany does a good trade in wearing

apparel, ironmongery, tools, petroleum, hats, both straw and felt, foodstuffs, and galvanized iron. France does very little, her commerce with Liberia being limited to a few liquids and tin foodstuffs via Liverpool. Monrovia, the capital, is also the business center. It contains about 5,000 inhabitants, and is in frequent communication with Liverpool, Antwerp, Hamburg, Rotterdam, and Marseilles. The population of Liberia has been estimated at various figures between 2,000,000 and 767,000. In 1894, the last year for which figures are available, the expenditure was $151,975 and the revenue $158,861. The public debt in 1897 was £100,000, contracted on a 7 per cent. loan in 1871. There were in that year £164,000 arrears of interest. In 1898 arrangement was made for the settlement of the debt as follows: The interest to be reduced to 3 per cent. for three years, rising ½ per cent. every three years to a maximum of 5 per cent. A sinking fund of 1 per cent. will commence to operate in October, 1904. The interest has been regularly paid since the arrangement. There is no army, but two brigades of militia, which may be called up in time of war. There is no longer any navy.

Such is somewhat the vague information Europeans possess about Liberia, but it is to be hoped that the measure now submitted to the Senate and the Chamber will open up this apparently naturally rich country to foreign enterprise.—*Financial Times.*

Funeral of the Late Sir Samuel Lewis.—The *Acton Gazette* of Friday, July 17, reports the address given by the Rev. W. H. Maude at the funeral service held at the Wesleyan Church, Acton Hill, of the late Sir Samuel Lewis as follows:

"A little group of mourners, we are met to render our last tribute of respect to one who had he died in his native land, and amongst those to whom his worth and services were known, would have been followed to his last resting place by the whole community, native and European, from the governor downward. The name of Sir Samuel Lewis has been for long a foremost name in Western Africa, and especially in Sierra Leone, his native place. To him belonged the distinguished honor of being the first and only native of Africa upon whom our late beloved Queen bestowed the order of knighthood, and for ability and high public service he was most worthy of this honor. For long he was the leading member of the Sierra Leone bar, occupying for a time the highest position of his profession as acting Chief Justice of the colony, a valued member of the local legislature, the first mayor of the Freetown municipality, and twice rechosen to that important position. His removal leaves a blank which it will be very difficult to fill. Sir Samuel was one of the most unpretentious and genuine of men. He had a great opinion of English public school life as developing manliness of character and contempt for meanness in every form. He was a true friend—one with whom your confi-

dences were in safe keeping and whose advice, whether favorable or adverse, was always frankly given. He was a strong man. He would never rest until he got to the bottom of every question brought before him, and whatsoever he did, he did with his might. While a Methodist—and a Wesleyan Methodist—by conviction and choice, he was a man of broad Catholic spirit, a true Christian, and the friend and helper of every good and Christian undertaking. If he gave ungrudgingly and of his best, it was because he recognized that to Christianity he owed everything, even the very foundation and liberties of the land whose interests he so greatly served. He died, as he had lived, in the quiet assurance of the Christian faith and seeking to comfort those who sought to comfort him. 'I have no fear. * * * You must not be afraid.'"

Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer, who discovered Livingstone in the heart of the Dark Continent, tells the story of his conversion as follows: "I went to Africa as prejudiced against religion as the worst infidel in London. To a reporter like myself, who had only to deal with wars, mass meetings, and political gatherings, sentimental matters were quite out of my province. But there came to me a long time for reflection. I was out there away from the worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and I asked myself, 'Why does he stop here in such a place? What is it that inspires him?' For months after we met I found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out the words, 'Leave all and follow me.' But little by little, seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried in any way to do it."—*Christian Work and Evangelist.*

Liberian Trading Company Formed.—A certificate of incorporation of the Liberian Trading Company of New York was filed with the county clerk of Kings county yesterday afternoon. The object of the company is to establish trading between the United States and Africa. The capital stock is placed at $100,000. The incorporators are William N. Morgan, Augustus C. Faulkner, and Louis P. Mendell.—*New York Times.*

French Claims to the Liberian Hinterland—You need not be surprised if at no distant date a Liberian question arises. Liberia's claim to her hinterland reposes, in the main, upon the travels of Anderson, a Liberian, who published in 1870 the "Narrative of a Journey to Mussardu," with the Smithsonian Institute. It is now a well-established fact that Anderson never accomplished his so-called travels, but that he compiled them from sundry reports and geographical notes, many of them incorrect. He forgot, for instance, to mention the existence of several important rivers which he would have been com-

pelled to cross had he really traveled in the regions he described. The French have now, for the first time, methodically explored and scientifically mapped out regions claimed by Liberia, but completely unknown to that Government, even by name, before the discoveries of French explorers, and over which the Liberian Government exercises no jurisdiction and possesses no influence of any kind. Amongst the recent discoveries of the French may be mentioned in the north those of several rivers, such as the Makona, the Lofa, and the Dianu, by the French officers of the Soudanese "posts" of Kissidugu, Diorodugu, and Beyla; and in the east the results of the important Hostains-d'Ollone mission, which, in the words of Captain d'Ollone, "Surveyed the northern limit of the Doubhoue, Sine, Same, and Diobo valleys, and the great western bend of the Cavally, together with its affluent, the Duobe, which takes from Liberia almost the third of her territory and incorporates it within the Ivory Coast.

I thought it would be interesting to you to know the French attitude on this subject prior to the question being raised officially.—*West African Mail.*

Minister Ernest Lyon.—News has just reached us from Monrovia, Liberia, of the arrival there of United States Minister Ernest Lyon, accompanied by his family and the secretary of the legation. The trip to their post of duty is described as a most agreeable one. Much attention was paid to the party at the different ports visited en route.—*Colored American.*

British Consul for Monrovia.—The *Times* makes the following announcement:

The King has been graciously pleased to appoint Errol MacDonnell, Esq., to be His Majesty's consul for the Republic of Liberia, to reside at Monrovia.

This appointment has been for a long time a desideratum. There has been no regular British consul in Liberia for more than forty years, and British interests have suffered. The results of the loan of 1871 of the various British coffee enterprises, and of the rubber concession would, we believe, have been very different if a responsible British officer had been resident in Monrovia.—*Sierra Leone Weekly News.*

Liberia.—Discussing, in our issue of April 24, the long article published by Mr. J. R. F. Turner, in our contemporary, *The Financier and Bullionist*, on the Liberian charter of the West African Gold Concessions Co., Ltd., we wrote:

"There is another aspect of this matter which is not dwelt upon in the above article, but which appeals to us. The prospects of the West African

Gold Concessions may be all that Mr. Turner says they are, and the shareholders may be, as Mr. Turner implies, the most fortunate people on earth. But the possibilities of international complications would seem to loom large over this transaction. The charter conferred upon the company, as set forth by Mr. Turner, has the practical force of sovereign powers. The company can establish its own police, construct its own railways, etc.; in fact, on the face of it, the company takes over half Liberia to manage. What will France and Germany say to this? If we are not mistaken, a portion of the province of Montserrado, already marked in the map accompanying the article, includes a disputed frontier line with France."

The following letter from our Paris correspondent, who is very well informed, gives point to our remarks. Of course it must be borne in mind that our correspondent expresses the French view, and we must not be considered as necessarily endorsing all he says.

THE NEGRO QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES.—Governmental control of the Negro in the South, the taking away of his franchise for a time, and the uplifting and educating of the black race by the white, as a whole, were some of the things the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant suggested at a meeting of the People's Institute in Cooper Union last night. He declared that the old theories of political and social equality which found voice in the Declaration of Independence had been tried and found wanting, and that it was high time their places should be taken by the new philosophy of evolution.

Dr. Grant said:

"In our dealings with the Negro we need a new philosophy. We are learning new facts about that race, and we are driven to new political expediences, such as the limitation of the franchise in the South. We now realize that the old philosophy that gave citizenship to slaves will not do.

"We may well ask how came the men who framed the Constitution to include the black race. Their theories of equality were transmitted to them from Rousseau. Thomas Jefferson imbibed these theories that all men are equal. But they are not equal, and evolution proves this, and those who tried to apply them missed their goal. They proclaimed liberty, equality, and fraternity as though these things were found in a state of nature. We see that it is not so; that the golden age is yet to come.

"Luckily for the fabric of our own State, America was not founded on the Declaration of Independence. The United States was not founded upon a theory of right, but on a fact of right. It is fortunate for us that the reaction which we see going on today is in the hands of an educated democracy.

"The Negro question in the United States has so far been discussed

without reference to the most clarifying idea of modern times that gives us good cheer and hope for the future—evolution. Evolution shows us human inequality. It does not know such a thing as "natural right.' It shows us the rigidity of racial differences between whites and blacks. It is the refusal of a higher race to throw away the advantage and superiority it has taken millions of years to acquire.

"Let the Government take a hand in the work. A change from the old theory of equality would not denote a return to slavery. There seems to be a reaction from the old democracy, but it is not absolutism, and the Tsar need not rejoice nor lovers of liberty worry. Our reaction is not from self-government to government by force, but from misunderstood citizenship to the school-room.

"The State has a right to undertake the work of education and the plan of England in Africa might do well here. The Negro has a hard struggle now to keep his little farm in the South. Let Uncle Sam step in and help him, and when he is fit to use the ballot give it to him. The ballot now is a failure."—*New York Herald.*

Anglos-Liberian Boundary Commission.—Captain Pearson, R. E., Lieutenant Cox, R. E., a doctor and two non-commissioned officers, who have been selected by the British Government to delimit the boundary as between the Sierra Leone settlement and the Republic of Liberia, left Liverpool on Saturday last in the Elder-Dempster liner *Sekondi.* Mr. J. McCarthy and a doctor were also passengers by the same steamer, and are going out on behalf of the Liberian Government to delimit the frontier with the British. Captain Pearson expects to complete his work this dry season ending next June. His party will be landed at Freetown, Sierra Leone, and thence will go to Tembi Kunda, in the Panguma district, where the work of the commission will begin. Mr. McCarthy will go to Monrovia in the first instance to confer with President Gibson, of the Republic of Liberia, and afterward return to Sierra Leone and rejoin the British commissioners, who will in the meantime be preparing the ground. Mr. McCarthy was formerly of the Indian Survey Department and surveyor general to Siam. From time to time a great deal of trouble has arisen through the incursions of natives from the Liberian side, who on some occasions have been pursued into Liberian territory by the British. It is expected that the delimitation of the boundary may have the effect of stopping this.—*African World, January, 1903.*

Strike in West Africa—Kroos Demand Higher Wages for Hard Work on Coast Vessels.—The Kroos are a fine, muscular, industrious lot of fellows, who are almost indispensable in the foreign trade with West Africa. They make excellent sailors and are unsurpassed in the art of transporting freight through the surf between ships and the shore. Some of them occasionally come to our port on vessels plying in the

Liberian trade. Stanley engaged a lot of them to go to the Congo and help him start his stations along the river. Everybody wishes them well, because they supply the best kind of native African labor. They live along the coast of Liberia.

The *New Africa*, an interesting journal published in Monrovia, brings the news, however, that the Kroos have a grievance and have gone on strike. They think that their wages are not adequate for the hard work they do, and many other persons will agree with them. How would our 'longshoremen like to work for a pittance of 24 cents a day? This is the exact sum these stout, willing, black men receive, and it is all the steamships are willing to pay. The men demanded 36 cents a day, and as their demand was not conceded they went on strike early this year. Such a thing is almost unheard of in tropical Africa, where trades unions and the walking delegate have not yet made their advent.

The result is that the trading steamers to Europe are having a hard time to get their freight handled. The editor of the *New Africa*, going along the coast on the *Marie Woermann*, found the Kroos at nearly every little port determined to compel their employers to recognize their demands. The vessel stopped at places where it was usually easy to secure a large number of hands, but this time only a few men were obtained, and these had evidently not heard that a strike had been declared. At last accounts the strike was still in progress.

Some of the prominent citizens of Monrovia say that the demands of these laborers are not unreasonable. Their work on the ships is of the heaviest kind. For years they have drudged all day long and have been required, when there was a rush of work, to labor far into the night, and all for a pittance of 24 cents a day. These sympathizers say that the service of the Krooman is almost indispensable, and his request for a few additional cents a day is modest, and it would be simple justice to accept his terms and end the strike.—*New York Sun.*

It would seem that our educational work in Liberia, Africa, continues to prosper under Dr. Camphor and his associates. He writes Bishop Hartzell under a recent date as follows: "Our school is crowded to overflowing. We will have this year the largest enrollment we have ever had. Already our register shows 150 day students and 50 boarding students. We have scholars from Sinoe, Bassa, Cape Palmas, Cape Mount, and the River Settlement. I am thoroughly resolved to make our college the best school in point of character and efficiency in this country. The conviction grows upon me that we ought to make out of our college an industrial institution. Not that we will do away with the classics, but that we should give a certain line of industries large place; for example, tailoring, tinsmithing, shoemaking. These three are in great demand here, and we could get 100 or more boys interested in these, and, best of all, they could be busily engaged while pursuing their studies."—*Southwestern Christian Advocate, June 4, 1903.*

LAGOS.—Our sister colony of Lagos is at present in a state of political unrest owing to the government of that colony insisting on passing a newspaper ordinance against the representation of the native unofficial members of the legislative council who voted solid against it, and in the face of a petition from the inhabitants of the colony showing that the ordinance is unnecessary, and will have a tendency of gagging the press. The most objectionable feature of the ordinance is its onesidedness, for while it imposes on the editor and proprietor a security for the performance of their work and as a guarantee in the event of a libellous action, no similar imposition is made on the plaintiff who may take action against the paper. Such legislation the editor of the *Lagos Weekly Record* characterizes as "class legislation," which we endorse.

The native members of council completely succeeded in making a good case against the bill, but as the governor and the official members are always in the majority, they are bound to support a measure of their own conception and desire, and to pass it by a majority of votes in spite of the protest of the unofficial members. This is one of the results of the Crown Colony system. We have not space this week to deal with the measure, but we propose to enlighten our readers in a short time on the whole question.

Notwithstanding the brilliant abilities of Governor McGregor, his administration at Lagos has not impressed the people who are most concerned, nor has it met with the appreciation and gratitude of the majority. The interest and welfare of the people ought to be the first concern of every governor.—*The Sierra Leone Weekly News.*

A PARTY OF MISSIONARIES bound for Liberia sailed on the steamship *Lucania* Saturday, June 13. Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand M. Allen, with their two children, are returning after a furlough of one year spent in the United States. Mr. Allen will resume his work as superintendent of the Methodist Mission Press in Monrovia. The other members of the party are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rutherford McWilliams, appointed missionaries to Liberia at the May meeting of the board of managers. Mr. McWilliams is a graduate of Kansas State University, class of 1901, and for the past year has been instructor in science in New Orleans University. He will be a professor in the College of West Africa, Monrovia.—*Southwestern Christian Advocate, June 18, 1903.*

REV. J. C. SHERRILL and family sailed for Liverpool on the steamship *Bonny* April 21, *en route* to the United States. A furlough has been granted him by the Missionary Society. Mr. Sherrill's record as pastor of the Methodist Church of Monrovia, where he has faithfully served for the past four years, is one over which the people speak in highest terms. We hope that his health will be fully restored, that he may return again.—*The New Africa.*

BUREAU OF STATISTICS.—The last session of the legislature created a new department, to be known as the "Bureau of Statistics," and the President has been pleased to appoint Mr. James A. Tuning to fill the office. It is needless to say that such an officer is greatly needed. The information that he is expected to give quarterly to the public will greatly aid in diffusing general intelligence on matters of commercial and monetary interest and quickening the material life of the country. Mr. Tuning, from his long acquaintance with public affairs and his special aptitude for figures and public accounts, is well calculated to make this new department all that the Government requires and all that the people would reasonably expect.—*The New Africa.*

A SYMPOSIUM.—"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.
"Push," said the Button.
"Take pains," said the Window.
"Never be led," said the Pencil.
"Be up to date," said the Calendar.
"Always keep cool," said the Ice.
"Do business on tick," said the Clock.
"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.
"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.
"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.
"Make light of everything," said the Fire.
"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.
"Never do anything offhand," said the Glove.
"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.
"Do the work you are sooted for," said the Flue.
"Get a good pull with the ring," said the Doorbell.
"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.
"Trust to your stars for success," said the Seal.—*Life.*

AN AFRICAN DESCRIPTION OF THE RAILWAY.—A native of Uganda, who accompanied the prime minister on his way to the coronation of King Edward, wrote to his friend about the Uganda railway, giving the following description of it:

MY FRIEND: I can tell you the Europeans have done a marvelous thing to make the railway and the trains. They fasten ten or fifteen houses together and attach them to a fire-place, which is as big as an elephant, and the road it goes on is as smooth as the stem of a plantain. It goes as fast as a swallow flying, and everything you see outside flies past you like a spark from a fire. If it were to drop off one of the bridges not one in it would be saved, for it goes dreadfully quick. The hills it passes are as high as those of Koki, and they have bridges over great valleys so deep that you cannot see the bottom when you are going over them.—*Missionary Review of the World, July, 1903.*